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Nick Carter Stories

FOR LIFE AND HONOR
OR
NICK CARTER'S CHIVALRY

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NICK CARTER STORIES

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FOR LIFE AND HONOR;

Or, NICK CARTER'S CHIVALRY.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

NICK SOLVES A PROBLEM.

"By the way, Nick, I'm going to subject you to a test. I'm sure you will have no objection. I know, of course, that you are past master of the art of solving riddles. I have heard, even, that absolutely nothing gets by you, that you could solve the riddle of the sphinx, if you had any incentive to doing so. You will have none in this case, perhaps, aside from a friendly wish to gratify my curiosity. I'll wager you'll find this one a stickler."

"Come on with your test," Nick Carter replied, laughing. "If it proves to be a stickler, Arthur, I'll hand it back and let you solve it for me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"No?"

"I'm sorry to say."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot, which is a very good reason. I have tackled it in vain. That's one reason why I wish to submit it to you. Our best men have examined it, and you know that Scotland Yard has a few keen blades, but none has yet arrived at conclusions which I consider correct. I want your opinion."

"Trot out your puzzle, Vance," Nick replied. "I'll dig something out of it, I'll wager."

"My money goes on that, chief," declared Patsy Garvan, the great detective's junior assistant. "Gee! I'd like to see a problem that you could not pulverize."

The foregoing conversation occurred in the private office of Colonel Arthur Vance, deputy chief of the department of secret criminal investigation, in Scotland Yard, the headquarters of the London police. It took place one evening in November, more than a month subsequent to the arrest in Paris of the notorious French crook, Lucien Legarde, the craft and cunning of which elusive rascal had baffled the police of nearly every large city in Europe.

It was in October when Nick, with the help of Patsy and Chick Carter, his right-hand assistant, accomplished the task for which they had been employed by the chief of the Paris police—that of running down and arresting this same Legarde.

Instead of at once returning to New York, however, Nick had devoted several weeks to touring northern Europe with his two companions, both for recreation and pleasure, and incidentally to look into the police systems abroad. Then, homeward bound, they had arrived in London late that afternoon, intending to remain there about a week. They had taken quarters in the Hotel Cecil. Eager to see his intimate friend, and knowing that he should find Colonel Vance in his office until late in the evening, Nick had proposed calling on him with his companions, and all three detectives were seated in Colonel Vance's private office, as stated, when he brought up the matter mentioned.

Rising during the conversation, he stepped into an adjoining room, presently returning with an article which he placed in Nick Carter's hand.

It was, in fact, nothing more than—an old shoe.

"There!" Colonel Vance exclaimed. "Have a look at that, Nick. Tell me what you deduct from it."

It certainly did not present, at first sight a broad field for speculation. The shoe was decidedly a back number. The sole was badly worn. The heel was run down. The upper was marred and defaced. Two buttons were missing, and the lining, as well as the outside, denoted that this piece of footwear had seen hard service.

Nick examined it inside and out, while his strong, clean-cut face became more grave and thoughtful.

Chick Carter waited expectantly.

Patsy's face wore a confident grin.

Colonel Vance smiled incredulously. He did not believe that Nick would discover anything more than others who had made the attempt.

Presently, looking up, Nick said, somewhat earnestly:

"Before I express any opinion, Arthur, I want to know where you got this shoe."

"Well, that's only fair," Colonel Vance replied. "It is no more than others have known."

"How came it in your possession?"

"It was brought here by Joe Duff, a policeman. He received it from a cobbler named Royce, who has a small repair shop in Lime Street, down near the docks. He makes a living by repairing castaway footwear and selling it to poor people who cannot afford any better."

"Where did the cobbler get the shoe?"

"That's hard to tell," said Colonel Vance. "We have not undertaken to trace it, that seeming hardly worth while. Royce probably got it from a ragpicker, or refuse collector."

"Nevertheless," said Nick significantly; "the cobbler thought it worth while to hand it to the policeman, and the policeman to bring it here. You have examined it carefully, also, and have submitted it to some of your best men."

"True."

"Obviously, then, there is something about it that one does not immediately detect," Nick shrewdly reasoned. "It might naturally have been detected by a cobbler, however, when he examined it, or started to repair it. That probably was the case, and Royce thought it sufficiently significant to hand the shoe to a policeman. Wait a few moments. I'll see what I can deduct from it, or discover."

"Take all the time you want," said Colonel Vance, laughing and knocking the ashes from his cigar.

Nick resumed his inspection of the shoe, now using a small but powerful lens which he always carried in his pocket.

"You have heard the old saying, Vance," he remarked, after a few moments: "Wear at the ball, spend all. The sole of this shoe is worn completely through at that point. The saying, in this case, then, must hit the nail on the head. The wearer of this shoe had spent all. He was dead broke, or very near it, or he would not have worn a shoe in this condition."

"That is obvious, Nick," said Vance. "One with half a head could deduct that much."

"Very true," Nick allowed. "One with half a head might not detect, however, that the wearer was not accustomed to being broke, that he is a Frenchman, that he recently came from Paris, that he is a comparatively young man, about five feet ten inches tall, very erect, with the walk of a soldier, or athlete, and who——"

"Oh, say, hold on!" Colonel Vance cried, while Patsy chuckled gleefully. "Don't go so fast. From what do you draw all of these conclusions?"

"Ah," said Nick, smiling. "Some of them have escaped even you."

"Well, yes, I'll admit it."

"They are very apparent, Arthur, nevertheless," Nick proceeded to explain. "The shoe was custom made. A tag on the lining bears the words, now hardly discernible except with a lens and by one familiar with them—Vedreaux, Rue de Rivoli."

"The name of the maker?"

"Exactly," said Nick. "Vedreaux is the leading shoemaker in Paris. All of his work is custom made. He is patronized only by men who can afford to pay the highest prices. Obviously, then, the wearer of this shoe has seen better days. That's why I say he is not accustomed to being broke."

"I see."

"Plainly, too, he is a Frenchman," Nick continued. "He has the long, narrow, genteel foot characteristic of the French aristocrat and Parisian dandy. He must have come quite recently from Paris, moreover, since he wore the shoe to London. It would be absurd to suppose that he sent it here."

"He may have had other shoes," suggested Colonel Vance."

"No," Nick quickly objected. "In that case, he would not have worn a shoe as old as this. He would have thrown it away and worn his better ones."

"Well, there is no denying that. But how do you determine his age, his height, his walk, and that he is very erect?"

"Each is equally apparent," Nick replied. "A man's height may always be quite definitely determined by the length of his foot. This shoe shows that the wearer is nearly six feet tall."

"H'm, I see!"

"The back of the heel is run down, but neither side of it. Plainly, then, he takes a firm, determined step, like that of a soldier, or an athlete, full of life and vigor. To run down the back of his heels, a man necessarily must walk erect. It is almost impossible to bend forward and do so."

"I see that point, also."

"Elderly men, unless portly, which would be inconsistent with the wearer of a shoe of this size and shape, seldom walk in that way," Nick added. "This man, then, must be comparatively young, probably not much over forty."

"Very good," Colonel Vance declared, laughing. "You certainly are all right, Nick."

"But you think I am overlooking something. That's why you laugh and have a quizzical look in your eyes."

"Overlooking something?"

"That the points mentioned do not cover the ground," said Nick. "Neither the cobbler, nor the policeman, would have attached any special significance to these points, even if observed. There must be some other reason, then, why the cobbler gave the shoe to the policeman, and why the policeman brought it here."

"Well?" said Vance inquiringly.

"Ah, I have it!"

Again inspecting the shoe with his lens, Nick had discovered a slight crack at the base of the heel. Bending the heel from the sole, he found that it gave a little, and while twisting it forcibly in each direction, he suddenly—removed it.

"Just so!" he exclaimed. "A detachable heel. So made that it can, by means of an ingeniously concealed clamp near the back of the sole, be removed and replaced at will. Very clever, Vance, I am sure. This is what the cobbler discovered when he began to repair the shoe."

"Correct," said Vance. "Or, more precisely, the cavity in the heel is what aroused the cobbler's suspicion. It has, you see, been hollowed out with a large auger."

"Certainly," said Nick. "Obviously, the cavity was designed as a hiding place for something. The cobbler has

heard that crooks sometimes smuggle diamonds in the heels of their boots."

"But for what was that intended?" questioned Colonel Vance. "That's the more important. Did the shoe belong to a crook? If so, who is he, and what was his game? Has he had other shoes made with the same device? Is he now hanging around London with some criminal scheme in view, which——"

"Wait!" Nick interrupted. "No, Vance, nothing of the kind."

"Think not?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, you have detected more in ten minutes, Nick, than our best men were able to discover at all. You may, perhaps, solve the entire mystery."

"I already have solved it, Arthur."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"But why are you so sure?"

"Because I know what this cavity in the heel contained."

"The devil you say! How do you know?"

Nick straightened up from an electric lamp on the table, near which he had been inspecting the heel with his lens.

"Because," he replied; "the leather at the bottom of this cavity, which is about three-quarters of an inch deep, was cut perfectly smooth by the tool with which the cavity was made. My lens, however, reveals something not discernible with the naked eye. There are innumerable tiny punctures in the smooth leather, such as might have been made by the point of a needle. They were, on the contrary, made by—the teeth of a saw."

"The teeth of a saw!" echoed Colonel Vance incredulously. "That's all punk, Nick. How could a saw be used in a hole like that?"

"It was not used in it, Arthur. It was used after being removed."

"Removed! You mean——"

"I mean that this cavity contained a thin, narrow saw, a pliable ribbon of steel, which was tightly coiled and placed in this cavity for concealment. It was put in with the teeth down, and the pressure of them on the smooth leather caused the innumerable tiny dents mentioned. Now, if you want my opinion," added Nick; "I would say that this shoe belonged to some clever French crook, who had the saw in his boot heel when imprisoned, and by means of which he cut the bars of his cell window and escaped. If you know of any——"

"Know of any!" Colonel Vance fairly snatched the words from Nick's mouth. "I should say I did! By thunder, Nick, you are worthy of your reputation. You have, indeed, solved the mystery. This shoe belonged to that crack criminal whom we discussed with Monsieur Bertillon three months ago, and whom you twice arrested in that city. The shoe belonged to Lucien Legarde."

It was Nick Carter's turn to be surprised, as well as Chick and Patsy.

"Lucien Legarde!" Nick exclaimed. "You don't mean, Vance, that Legarde is out of prison?"

"Out—well, I should say so. Very much out!" cried the Scotland Yard detective. "Have you not heard of his escape?"

"Heard of it—no!" Nick forcibly declared. "Bear in mind that we have been doing Russia, Norway, and Sweden for the past six weeks. There were days when we did not look at a newspaper. Legarde escaped, eh? When and how?"

"Five weeks ago. He was taken seriously ill soon after his imprisonment——"

"Humph!" Nick ejaculated, interrupting. "The saw, then, is not the only thing the crafty rascal had on his person. He knows drugs, medicines, and poisons from A to Z. He had something to cause a temporary illness."

"Nobody doubts that, now," Vance agreed. "He was removed to a cell in the prison hospital, where he cut the bars of a window one night and dropped ten feet to the top of the prison wall. He got away. He was traced to Dieppe, and afterward to Boulogne and Folkestone, but there the trail was lost."

"Take it from me, then, or from this shoe, the rascal made his way to London," said Nick. "When was the shoe found?"

"A month ago, or about a week after Legarde's escape."

"You can bet I'm right, then," said Nick. "The rascal may have been lying low here ever since. In that case, Vance, it will not be long before he turns one of his knavish tricks. If out of funds a month ago——"

"One moment, Nick."

Colonel Vance turned quickly to his desk. His telephone was ringing insistently. When he turned again to his visitors, his face wore a very different expression.

"A murder has just been committed in Lord Glendale's residence, near Regent's Park," he announced, hurriedly rising. "His lordship is an intimate friend of mine. I must make a personal investigation."

"Don't let us detain you," said Nick quickly. "We'll leave immediately."

"You can do better."

"Better?"

"Go with me," said Colonel Vance eagerly. "I know of no man whose aid I would rather have. It will do you good, Nick, and whet your wits to get back in the harness."

"But——"

"I'll stand for no buts," Vance interrupted, grasping Nick's arm. "Go with me, all of you. There's a motor car at the door. It will land us at Lord Glendale's residence in a quarter hour. Do me this favor, Nick, and——"

"Lead the way," Nick cut in abruptly. "I'm with you, Vance. Come on, boys. We turned two good tricks in Paris, though it now appears that the authorities could not hold the crafty scamp after we delivered him into their hands. We may do as much, perhaps, in London."

"And perhaps run foul of the same slippery reptile," thought Patsy Garvan prophetically. "Gee! I'd like just one more crack at Lucien Legarde."

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

It was nine o'clock when the motor car containing Nick Carter and his companions entered Tottenham Court Road and sped away from the stir and traffic in the more congested districts. Not until then did Nick begin to question Colonel Vance concerning Lord Glendale and the murder said to have been committed.

He learned, in brief, that Lord Glendale was close upon sixty, that he had twice been seated in Parliament, that he was a man of wealth, exceeding pride, but with only a limited circle of friends, owing to his austere and arbi-

trary disposition, together with a flinty and somewhat hard-hearted streak in his nature.

Lord Glendale had been accepted in marriage within a year, nevertheless, by a very accomplished and attractive woman still under thirty, the only daughter of Sir Percival Brightman—a marriage that had occasioned considerable wonderment, in fact, none being able to see how a girl as charming as Stella Brightman could fancy a husband old enough to be her father, and with so forbidding a nature, even though she acquired the title of Lady Glendale.

As for the supposed murder, Colonel Vance had not delayed his departure to learn any of the particulars. He could state only that the report of a revolver had been heard by persons in Lord Glendale's magnificent residence overlooking Regent's Park, that immediate investigations had led to the discovery of a dead man in the conservatory, who had been shot through the heart, and that one of three policemen who were immediately summoned had at once telephoned to Scotland Yard.

Such were the facts learned by Nick and his assistants, when, soon after leaving Hampstead Road, they arrived at their destination.

It was like many an English estate found in that aristocratic part of London, a large, square residence, well back in a fine old park, with a frontage of beautifully laid out grounds, a few outbuildings and a garden in the rear, inclosed from intruders by high brick walls.

Nick saw at a glance upon arriving under a massive porte-cochère, that much excitement prevailed in the house. The halls and all of the lower rooms were brightly lighted. Servants were hurrying here and there. A physician's runabout stood in the front driveway. A policeman was on the front steps, another at the side door under the porte-cochère, a third in the side hall.

The house butler received the detectives, however. He was a tall, sedate man of fifty, who at once informed Colonel Vance that Lord Glendale was awaiting him in the library.

Nick saw that the butler was very pale, that he wore a look of apprehension and anxiety hardly consistent with any ordinary circumstances; but Nick merely made a mental note of this, while Colonel Vance was replying.

"Very well, Peterson. I will see Lord Glendale in just a moment. What have you learned, Dorsey?"

The last was addressed to a young, keen-eyed policeman who was standing near by, and whom Nick instantly saw was an officer of unusual discernment and sagacity. Nick was at Colonel Vance's elbow just then, moreover, and he alone overheard the brief intercourse between them.

"A bit later, sir, would be better," Dorsey respectfully replied, with a significant side glance in the direction of the waiting butler.

"H'm, is that so?" Vance murmured. "I understand you. Who is here?"

"Two officers outside, sir. We were called in at once, and I telephoned to headquarters. That was only half an hour ago. Doctor Nelson was called, also, but there is nothing he can do. The man is dead."

"And identified?"

"Yes, sir. Doctor Kibby, of Stanhope Street."

"I will talk with you again presently," said Vance. "Now, Peterson, I will see Lord Glendale. Come with me, Nick. Let Chick and Patsy wait here."

Nick nodded, and both followed the butler into a spacious, handsomely furnished library.

The only occupant of the room was a tall, gaunt, smoothly shaved man, who tossed aside a newspaper and arose to meet them. He appeared to have been taking no active part in the investigations, and to be less concerned by the untimely fate of the victim, than that such a shocking crime had been committed on his aristocratic premises.

"Ah, you are here!" he exclaimed, in choleric, rasping tones. "These are fine doings, indeed, Colonel Vance, and a credit to the London police service. My home turned into a slaughterhouse! Fine, indeed! Have you just arrived?"

"A moment ago, Lord Glendale," replied Colonel Vance, whose immediate personal interest in the case was chiefly due, Nick afterward learned, to earlier obligations, rather than any friendly fondness for the austere and autocratic nobleman.

"I will make a thorough investigation," he added. "First allow me to introduce the famous American detective, Mr. Nicholas Carter, who happened to be in my office and who has consented to aid me."

Lord Glendale merely bowed, gazing at Nick a bit sharply.

"I am pleased to know you," he said shortly. "I shall be better pleased, however, if one or both of you will find out who did this devilish deed in my conservatory, and also send the miscreant to the infernal regions, where he belongs."

"Where he belongs, Lord Glendale, is right," Nick agreed, suppressing his feeling of aversion for the other. "I think that we may succeed in doing so."

"Set about it, then, without delay."

"What can you tell me, Lord Glendale?" Colonel Vance inquired.

"Little enough," growled Glendale. "I have not looked into the circumstances. I have left them to my butler and your officers. I was reading here in the library when the shot was fired."

"At what time?"

"It was about half past eight, or more than half an hour ago. I went into the hall to find out what the trouble was, and Peterson soon informed me that a man had been killed in the conservatory. I told him to call in some policemen, also to notify you and Doctor Nelson, my physician. I suppose he has done so. That is all I can tell you, for I returned and resumed my reading. I detest such doings; nor is there anything I could do, if I would. Take charge of the matter, Colonel Vance, and get it over with as soon as possible."

"I am told that the victim is a Doctor Kibby, of Stanhope Street."

"Yes."

"Do you know him?"

"I have met him here. He is Lady Glendale's physician, having been in the service of her father, Sir Percival Brightman. That is all I know about him."

"Is Lady Glendale ill?" questioned Colonel Vance. "Did she send for Doctor Kibby? Do you know why he was in the conservatory?"

"I do not. I really know nothing about it," said Lord Glendale impatiently. "Lady Glendale is not ill, that I know; she was at dinner, as usual. She now is in her room, deeply shocked by the crime, I am told. You can see her, if you wish, by informing Peterson."

"Very well, your lordship," bowed Colonel Vance, drawing toward the door. "We will see what we can make of the case."

Nick followed him into the hall.

Lord Glendale sat down and resumed his reading.

Peterson closed the library door.

"Now, Nick, having met his amiable lordship, we'll proceed to business," said Colonel Vance, with a grim dryness. "How, by the way, did you like him?"

"I'd hate to tell you," said Nick significantly. "Nor would he be tickled to death at hearing it. Is he always——"

"Just as you saw him."

"A grouty old curmudgeon, then. What led to your friendship?"

"He helped me into my official shoes," said Colonel Vance pointedly. "But that's neither here nor there. I have a duty to perform, and—well, let's get at it. This way to the conservatory."

Nick accompanied him through a superbly furnished dining room, in which two servants with awed, white faces were waiting. From an adjoining alcove, a French window led into a large conservatory attached to the west side of the house. It was lighted with incandescent lamps, which had been switched on immediately after the crime had been discovered.

An open door at the farther end of the conservatory led into the garden, also to a narrow gravel walk leading to a side door of the extensive house. Straight through the conservatory, from the French window to the outer door, was an earth path about four feet wide, on either side of which were potted plants and climbing vines in profusion, while the aroma from blossoming roses, pinks, and heliotrope imbued the sultry, unseasonable November air.

Flat on his back in this path, some six feet from the outer door, lay the victim of the crime—a smoothly shaved man in the forties, with a rather angular, determined cast of features, then wearing the pallor of death. He was clad in a dark suit, a lightweight overcoat, while a soft felt hat was lying near by.

Doctor Nelson, an elderly, bearded man still was bending over the body, not yet having ended his examination of the wound.

A young man named Brady, the physician's assistant, was waiting near by, also one of the house servants.

Colonel Vance immediately joined the physician and began to question him.

Nick Carter paid no attention to what they were saying. He knew he could learn later all that Doctor Nelson could impart. He at once set about solving a more practical problem, therefore, that of deducing from the circumstances and surroundings just how the crime must have been committed.

Nick saw at a glance that Doctor Kibby had been shot through the heart, killed instantly, but not by his own hand. One glance convinced Nick that this was not a case of suicide.

By whom, then, had he been slain? Why was he in Lord Glendale's conservatory? Presumably, since he wore outside garments, he had not entered it from the house. He must have entered it, then, through the outer door and from the garden. Did his assailant accompany him, shoot him down in the darkness, and then flee by the way both had come?

Naturally, these questions and deductions flashed quickly through the detective's mind. He stepped by the two men bending over the body, and began an examination of the outer door. It was provided with a lock, also with an iron hook on the inside. The key of the lock was hanging on a nail near the casing.

Nick could not see that anything had been tampered with. He turned to the servant and quietly inquired:

"Is this door usually locked?"

"Yes, sir, always," was the reply.

"Do you know that it was locked early this evening?"

"Well, no, sir, I don't know that. I only know that it is always kept locked unless the master, or mistress, or gardener is here. But I am not sure about to-night, sir."

Nick deduced that the servants, other than the gardener mentioned, were not frequenters of the conservatory. He stepped out to look for footprints in the soil, or any other evidence that might exist outside.

Quite naturally, upon emerging, his first glance was turned toward the house, and the side door toward which the gravel walk led.

The motion of something white instantly caught his eye. It was the lace drapery of a side window, that of a front room on the second floor. It was quite plainly discernible—though the room was not lighted.

"H'm, just so!" muttered Nick, turning in the opposite direction. "Some one up there in the darkness is watching what takes place down here. Lady Glendale, perhaps, since Doctor Kibby was her physician, his lordship having another for himself and his household.

"Did Doctor Kibby come here to see her? What else could have brought him here? If that is Lady Glendale's private apartment, such a stealthy interest is not in her favor. Shocked by the crime, eh? Not so shocked, by Jove, but that she wants to know what occurs here. She can see down quite distinctly through the glass roof of the conservatory. She must have seen me emerge, moreover or why did she draw back and drop that curtain so quickly?"

Nick was assuming, of course, that the occupant of the room was Lady Glendale, not positively that it was she. Still, in view of her relations with Doctor Kibby and the location of the room, his assumption seemed fairly reasonable.

Nick had been studying the ground, in the meantime, but could discover no footprints, nor evidence of any description. Turning the opposite corners of the conservatory, he began to examine the numerous small panes of glass forming the wall, with a view to learning whether the shot had been fired through one of them.

He presently found one from which a corner had been broken, leaving a hole about three inches wide. It was nearly opposite the point where the corpse had been found and still was lying. Peering through the climbing vines within, Nick could plainly see the several persons, though he was invisible from within.

"H'm, it might be!" he murmured. "The shot could easily have been fired through this hole, and with absolute certainty. Even though the lights were not switched on at the time, the glow through the French window would have revealed Kibby so distinctly that a sure aim could be taken. The vines, moreover, would have prevented him from seeing the woman, if she approached stealthily. Did her physician know something about her which she feared he might expose, which he, perhaps, had threatened to expose? Did she kill him to silence him?"

Nick still was, and very naturally, deeply impressed with the possibility of Lady Glendale's guilt, far-fetched though it ordinarily would have seemed.

Bending nearer, he examined the putty around the pane. It was dry and hard. It showed plainly, as well as the edge of the glass and the casing, that the break was an old one, surely not caused for the express purpose of committing the crime.

"That's a point in her favor," thought Nick. "The shot may not, after all, have been fired through this hole. It may have been fired through the open door, or——"

Nick's train of thought ended abruptly.

Crouching to see whether there were any fragments of glass on the ground, he made another discovery—a single, plainly discernible footprint in the damp soil near the conservatory wall. He examined it intently, with brows knitting ominously, with his firm lips taking a downward, sinister curve. The thought that had leaped up in his mind, nevertheless, seemed almost incredible.

"Legarde! Lucien Legarde again!" he muttered. "Is it possible?"

It was long and narrow, with a tapering toe and clean-cut heel, this imprint at which he was gazing. It was almost identical in shape with—the old shoe he had examined that evening.

It seemed almost incredible, nevertheless, that fate had again brought him up against the archplotter whom he twice had arrested in Paris, whose infamous designs upon innocent women he twice had perverted, yet who twice had escaped punishment by slipping through the fingers of the police.

"Is all this something more than a coincidence? May not she be still another, his dupe, or his victim?"

Nick straightened up while he asked himself these questions. He gazed for a moment in the direction of Lady Glendale's chamber. His stern, thoughtful countenance suddenly changed.

He turned, and with the toe of his boot—obliterated the telltale footprint.

CHAPTER III.

NICK MAKES A PREDICTION.

Ten minutes had passed when Nick Carter returned to the conservatory.

Colonel Vance and Doctor Nelson had gone into the house. Only the policeman and the physician's assistant, Brady, were remaining near the body of the murdered man.

Nick paused and studied the victim's upturned face, then the deadly wound in his breast, from which the blood-stained garments had been removed. It was impossible to determine just where and how he had been standing, or from which direction the bullet had come.

"What has Doctor Nelson discovered?" Nick inquired, turning to Brady.

"Little enough, sir, I think," was the reply. "It's a case of murder, plainly enough, and it looks to me like a black mystery."

"Have his pockets been searched?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any letters?"

"Not one, sir, nor anything showing why he came here."

"Has his family been notified?"

"He has no family, sir," said Brady. "He's a bachelor. He employs a housekeeper and two men, a chauffeur and an assistant in his office."

"Are you acquainted with them?"

"Somewhat."

"What's the chauffeur's name?"

"Jeremiah Hogg."

"And his office man's?"

"Kaliff—I don't know his first name," said Brady. "He has been there only a few weeks. Doctor Nelson has gone to telephone him about the murder."

Nick glanced again at the dead man. The servants had left the dining room. Chick and Patsy were standing at the door leading into the hall. Both turned with inquiring eyes when Nick approached them.

"Well?" Chick said quietly.

"Not well would hit it nearer," Nick replied significantly.

"You are next to something?"

"Enough to clinch my interest in the case, Chick, and clinch it firmly."

"You suspect——"

"Not now," Nick interposed. "There is too much to be told with a breath. It will keep until later. Besides, here comes Vance with something weighty on his mind."

The Scotland Yard detective, who had been talking earnestly with Policeman Dorsey for several minutes, was hurriedly approaching. His look of augmented gravity had occasioned Nick's last remark. He at once began to explain, drawing the three detectives into the dining room and saying impressively, with voice lowered:

"I'm placed in a bad position, beastly bad, Nick, and you must help me out. The devil's to pay here."

Nick suspected what was coming, but he did not betray it. Instead, he asked gravely:

"What do you mean? A bad position, Vance? How can that be?"

"It's because of what Dorsey has been telling me. He questioned Peterson and the servants, and also made a partial investigation, before we arrived. He had head enough, however, to hide his suspicions. Thank God for that!"

"What suspicions?" Nick inquired. "What has Dorsey learned?"

"He learned from Peterson, to begin with, that the outside door of the conservatory is always locked at night. Peterson is sure it was locked at seven o'clock this evening, when Lord and Lady Glendale were at dinner. The French window in the dining-room alcove was open, however, but no person could have entered the conservatory without being seen, or heard."

"I follow you."

"After dinner," Colonel Vance continued, "Peterson and the under servants were in the dining room, or the adjoining hall and kitchen, almost constantly until the crime was committed. All are positive that no person went through the dining room and into the conservatory. About half past eight, however, one of them noticed that the French window had been closed, but supposed that the butler had closed it."

"That was about the time the shot was fired."

"About five minutes before."

"Go on."

"None of the servants was in the dining room when the report of the weapon was heard, but Peterson was near by in the hall. He immediately located the sound and

hurried into the conservatory. While passing through the French window he switched on the conservatory lights, but he could discover only the victim of the crime. The assassin had fled. The outer door of the conservatory was wide open, with the key hanging on a nail near by, as usual. Lord Glendale then was in the library."

"And Lady Glendale?"

"Peterson states that she then was in her room. But," Colonel Vance went on impressively, "Dorsey noticed that Peterson appeared very reticent when questioned about her ladyship. It appears that no one knows just where she went, or what she was doing, for an hour before the murder was committed.

"Her maid then was eating her dinner with some of the other servants; and now, Nick, here's what I'm coming to. When Dorsey began an investigation in the conservatory, he made two discoveries which the butler must have overlooked."

"Namely?"

"First, this revolver," said Colonel Vance, displaying a small, silver-mounted weapon with a pearl handle. "It was lying between two potted plants near the body, as if accidentally dropped by the assassin, who must have fled without undertaking to find it. Notice, Nick, it is not the sort of a gun a man ordinarily owns."

"Decidedly not."

"Only one chamber has been emptied."

"That, also, is significant," said Nick. "What else did Dorsey discover?"

"This."

Colonel Vance drew from his vest pocket a scrap of filmy white lace about three inches square, the edges of which were frayed and torn.

"Dorsey found it," he added; "caught on a protruding nail in one of the low stands occupied by some of the flower pots near the conservatory door."

"Torn from a woman's dress," Nick remarked.

"Undoubtedly."

"Whose dress?"

"Lady Glendale's."

"How do you know that?"

"When Dorsey returned to the house, after having been in the conservatory scarce five minutes, he found Lady Glandale in the hall. She had on the dress she had worn at dinner. This scrap of lace was torn from the skirt of it."

"Is Dorsey sure of that?" Nick inquired.

"Positively. But Lady Glendale evidently knew nothing about it."

"Did Dorsey question her about it?"

"No, indeed. She informed him that she had not heard the weapon, that she had been in her room since dinner, but then had come down to learn what had occasioned the disturbance in the hall. She appeared quite overcome when informed of the murder, and her maid assisted her to return to her room."

"All this looks very bad, Vance, on the face of it," Nick admitted. "Still, the dress may have been torn some days ago, or early this evening, or——"

"No," Colonel Vance interrupted. "That's the worst feature of it. Though Dorsey hid his suspicions, he learned by a little adroit questioning of the girl who always waits on the table, that Lady Glendale wore the dress this evening for the first time, also, that she did not come down from her apartments until dinner was served, and that she did not enter the conservatory either before or after the meal. She means, of course, by the way of the French window. Lady Glendale went there, nevertheless, if such evidence as this is worth anything."

"I agree with you," Nick said gravely. "All this appears to fix very definitely the time she was there. She very easily could, of course, have previously removed the key to the outer door. To have stolen down from her room, then out, unobserved through the side hall and door, would have been equally easy."

"Child's play," Colonel Vance quickly nodded. "That's what I think she may have done, Nick, and you now can appreciate my position. It puts me in bad, beastly bad. I am under deep obligation to Lord Glendale. I obtained my official position through his efforts and influence. How in thunder, then, can I consistently——"

"Apply your best energies to fixing this crime upon his wife," Nick put in, with a nod. "I see, of course, just how you are placed."

"It's damnable—damnable!"

"Hasn't it occurred to you, nevertheless, in spite of this evidence, that Lady Glendale may be entirely innocent?"

"But if not——"

"Aye, there's the rub," Nick admitted, again interrupting. "You are, indeed, in rather bad. You cannot ignore your duty, nor consistently ask to withdraw from the investigation."

"No, no, impossible! But you can help me out!"

"How so?"

"By proceeding with these inquiries for me," Colonel Vance pointed out. "I will pretend to be otherwise engaged. Find out, if you can, just what position Lady Glendale is disposed to take, or what defense she is prepared to put up. If you corner her, and she confesses, I then can shoulder that part of the work and the unfortunate result upon you. Lord Glendale will not suspect, and you, of course, will not mind."

"No, not a bit," replied Nick, with some dryness.

"Will you do it? Will you undertake it?" Colonel Vance entreated.

Nick pondered over the proposition for about thirty seconds.

"Yes, I will, Vance—but only on several conditions," he then replied.

"What conditions?"

"First, that I may use my judgment in questioning Lady Glendale, that I may question her only along such lines and as far as I see fit, and that no other officer shall afterward submit her to a grilling."

"I agree to that, Nick. What more?"

"Second, if I make any discoveries, or come to any conclusions, which impel me to continue my work on the case, I insist that I shall be allowed to do so. I give you my word of honor that I will, in that case, do my best to bring out the whole truth."

"I consent to that, also," said Vance. "Nothing would suit me better."

"Third," Nick added; "if I decide to take up the case, I must be allowed to do the work in my own way, without interference by you, or by the Scotland Yard authorities. It is not in my nature, you know, to stand for anything of that kind."

Colonel Vance considered this for a moment, then confidently asserted:

"I can promise that, Nick, also."

"And do?"

"Willingly. I give you my word."

"That's all, then," Nick said abruptly. "You do your part and I'll do mine. Take it from me, too, I'll dig out the whole truth and cage the criminal."

CHAPTER IV.

A LADY OF QUALITY.

Nick Carter did not mince matters after having this murder case hoisted upon his shoulders in the manner described. He had more than half expected it. He had detected enough to convince him that Lady Glendale was likely to be involved, she being the only one in the house having relations with Doctor Kibby; and Nick knew that Colonel Vance would, because of his obligations to Lord Glendale, shrink from an investigation tending to incriminate his lordship's wife.

Nick was not surprised at the turn of affairs, therefore, and for reasons presently to appear, if not already obvious, he was very glad of it. He checked a grateful response from Vance, saying quickly:

"There'll be time enough for that. Leave me to run the crook to earth. To begin with, Vance, I want a word with Peterson. Send him into the drawing-room. I then will see what Lady Glendale has to say for herself."

Nick did not wait for an answer. He signed for Chick and Patsy to follow him, then strode through the hall, and entered a magnificently furnished drawing-room.

"Don't ask me at present why I have taken up this case," he said quietly, when Chick and Patsy entered. "There is much more at stake than appears on the surface. Unless I am much mistaken, we have a nut to crack, which—but Peterson is coming. Watch him and tell me later how he impresses you."

Chick nodded understandingly, while Patsy said to himself:

"The chief certainly is wise to something. There's going to be fireworks later, all right, or I'm no judge of horseflesh."

Peterson was entering the room.

Nick turned to him and said, a bit curtly:

"Close the door. I want you to answer a few questions."

The tall butler obeyed without replying. When he turned and faced the detective, he was as pale as if his had been the hand that fired the fatal bullet.

"Now, Peterson," said Nick, confronting him; "I suppose you have talked with all of the servants, haven't you?"

"I have, sir."

Peterson's voice was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

"And none knows anything about this murder, I infer, or you would have reported it."

"None, sir, I am very sure.'

"And you?"

"I know only that I heard the pistol, sir, and ran into the conservatory, where I found Doctor Kibby dead on the floor."

"Did you see any one else?"

"I did not, sir."

"Or hear any footsteps?"

"No, sir."

"The door of the conservatory, that leading into the garden, was open?"

"It was, sir."

"Do you know who last locked it?"

"I think I did, sir."

"At what time?"

"At five o'clock, sir, just before dark."

"Where did you put the key?"

"On a nail in the casing, sir, as usual."

"Did you afterward see any person in the conservatory?"

"I did not, sir."

"In a nutshell, Peterson, you know absolutely nothing about this crime?" Nick demanded inquiringly.

Not for an instant had the butler's cold, gray eyes left those of the detective. He drew himself up, outwardly calm, though his every nerve and muscle appeared to be held under rigid control.

"No more about it, sir, than I have told you," he replied.

"Nevertheless, Peterson, between five o'clock and the dinner hour, somebody must have gone from the house into the conservatory and removed that key. Your duties during that time are chiefly in the dining room, are they not?"

"They are, sir."

"Were you there all of the time?"

"Most of the time, sir."

"Yet you did not see anybody pass through the dining room, or in the conservatory?"

"I did not, sir," Peterson firmly insisted. "I have repeatedly said so, sir."

"Very good," Nick replied. "Now, Peterson, concerning Doctor Kibby's presence in the conservatory. I wish to find out, if possible, why he was there. I have been told that he is Lady Glendale's physician, and that he calls here only to attend her. Do you know whether she had sent for him or was expecting——"

"I beg pardon, sir, for interrupting," Peterson now broke in, with a frown. "I cannot speak for her ladyship. I know nothing about it. I have told you all that I know, all that I saw and heard. There is absolutely nothing more that I can state. If her ladyship——"

Nick did not wait for him to finish. Standing only a step from the closed door, he twice had detected a faint sound from the outside, as if some one in the hall was listening. Turning, he quickly opened the door and discovered—Lady Glendale.

"I thought so!" flashed through Nick's mind. "Her ladyship is not above playing the eavesdropper. The butler has lied—and she was listening to make sure of it. She feels greatly relieved, no doubt, because of his loyalty to her."

If Lady Glendale felt any embarrassment over being thus detected, she did not betray it. She recoiled involuntarily when the door was so suddenly opened, nevertheless, and then she quickly drew up her fine figure and said calmly:

"I paused here for a moment, thinking I heard my name mentioned. Was I mistaken?"

Nick knew that she had been there for several moments, or some little time before her name was mentioned, but his face reflected none of his suspicions. He bowed politely and drew back for her to enter.

"No, Lady Glendale, you were not mistaken," said he suavely. "I was just about to send Peterson with a request that you would give me a brief interview. I hope you have no objection."

"None whatever, sir, if you are investigating this terrible tragedy."

"I am, Lady Glendale," bowed Nick.

"Why do you wish to question me?"

"Only because Doctor Kibby was, I am told, the physician you have always employed."

"That is true."

"Were you expecting a visit from him this evening?"

"I was not."

"Do you know why he came here? Had he any occasion to call on you? If he——"

Lady Glendale checked him with a gesture. She was an impressive woman, very handsome, with a refined and intellectual type of countenance, lighted with strangely sober and sensitive blue eyes. There was an expression in them, however, that few could understand.

Only one of Nick Carter's rare discernment could read it correctly—a look that told him, at least, of secret sadness and silent suffering, of sacrifices that only a woman of royal character could have made and endured.

Nick found, in fact, something very pathetic in her pale, grave, indescribably sensitive face, while she confronted him with quiet dignity and calmly heard him question her along lines that most women would have bitterly resented. She still had on the handsome pearl-gray costume which she wore at dinner, and from the lace-draped skirt of which had been torn the telltale scrap of evidence then in Nick Carter's pocket. He could see the frayed fold from which it was torn. He felt sure that he could crush her by producing it—but he did not do so.

He bowed gravely, instead, when she checked him, and said, somewhat haughtily:

"Please, sir, do not overlook one fact: If Doctor Kibby, or any other person, had occasion to call upon me, they would come to the front door of the house. No one would presume to suppose, I am sure, that I would receive a visitor in any unconventional way."

"I understand you, Lady Glendale, perfectly," said Nick.

"I am aware, of course," she deliberately added, "that my relations with Doctor Kibby might lead you to think that I can explain his presence in our conservatory. Let me assure you, however, to the contrary. I have not the slightest idea why he was there. I am entirely in the dark, sir, and utterly unable to shed any light on this mystery. That is all I can say."

Nick bowed again. Though he knew she was lying, his gravely attentive face did not change by so much as a shadow.

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Lady Glendale," he replied, much to the surprise of Chick and Patsy. "Your statement covers the entire ground. It also relieves me of asking your ladyship any further questions. I am deeply obliged to you."

Lady Glendale gazed at him in silence for a moment, then murmured:

"Not at all, sir. I shall be in the library, however, if—if wanted."

Her eyes, lingering still on the face of the famous detective, seemed to moisten slightly. She appeared impelled to say more, as if moved with sentiments she was fain to express, yet dared not trust her voice. She drew back, bowing slightly, then turned and swept into the hall—a type of womanly loveliness not easily described.

Nick glanced furtively at Peterson.

He had not moved. Not once had he glanced at his mistress. Deep down in the eyes of the tall butler, however, there was a look of relief he had not the art to completely hide.

"That's all, Peterson," Nick said shortly. "Go and tell Colonel Vance that I will presently rejoin him."

"Yes, sir. I will, sir."

Peterson bowed low and left the room.

Nick set the door ajar, listened intently for a few seconds, then turned to Chick and Patsy.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked quietly.

"Gee! there's nothing to it," Patsy quickly declared. "That butler's a liar."

"Right!" Chick agreed. "Lady Glendale also lied out of whole cloth. She is banking, Nick, on a big bluff. She was with Doctor Kibby in the conservatory."

"Sure thing!" added Patsy. "Peterson knows she was there, too, and knows that she killed the sawbones. That's dead open and shut. Peterson is trying to shield her."

"Have you any doubt of it?" Nick inquired, glancing from one to the other.

"Holy smoke! Not a shadow of doubt."

"Nor have I, Nick," said Chick.

"Nevertheless, you both are—wait!"

Nick turned abruptly, leaving unuttered the word that was on his lips. He heard a voice in the hall, that of a man who had just entered. Stepping from the room, Nick discovered him talking with Colonel Vance, and he briefly paused and listened.

The stranger was a well-built man in the forties, with fiery-red hair, a bristling beard and mustache of the same sanguinary hue, and a sandy and somewhat mottled complexion. He was gesticulating emphatically, while saying, with considerable vehemence:

"Not known—the assassin not known! My best friend shot down in cold blood and no clew to be found! How can that be? It seems incredible. I charge you, Colonel Vance, to spare no expense, to leave no stone unturned, in order to find the criminal. Kibby was more than my friend, more like a brother than——"

"No doubt, Mr. Kaliff," Colonel Vance interrupted. "There is no occasion, nevertheless, for you to urge me to do all in my power to discover who killed him."

"No occasion, sir, when you admit that no clew can be found, that no evidence points to——"

"There, there, understand me!" Colonel Vance again interrupted. "I wish to do all that can possibly be done to find Doctor Kibby's assassin and bring him to justice."

"But you admit that you have accomplished nothing, that you are all in the dark, that you——"

"One moment!" said Nick, who had gradually been approaching the couple. "Who is this gentleman, Vance, who presumes to dictate to the English authorities? Let me inform him for you that you will take no further action in this matter. I have decided to continue my work on the case, and you, no doubt, recall our agreement—and my prediction."

The red-headed man, who had not seen Nick approaching, had swung round like a flash, only to draw back and gaze with sharp, inquiring eyes at the detective.

"Yes, yes, of course," Colonel Vance quickly acquiesced. "This is Mr. Paul Kaliff, Nick, Doctor Kibby's assistant——"

"Doctor Paul Kaliff, sir, and Doctor Kibby's associate, not his assistant," interrupted the other. "My relations with Doctor Kibby were not those of a servant. Put

that idea out of your head. We have been friends from boyhood. We were like brothers. I insist——"

"Now, Mr. Kaliff, or Doctor Kaliff, if you prefer, you stop right there," said Nick, with ominous quietude. "I appreciate your feelings, of course, and the shocking circumstances may in a measure justify your excitement. But you blanket it, now, having had your say, and don't presume to tell Colonel Vance or me what must be done. If you do, or speak again above a whisper—I will have Peterson show you the door."

"The door!"

"And if Peterson does not eject you—I will," Nick added.

The man never stood in leather who would oppose the detective when he took this attitude. Doctor Kaliff drew back, silenced, but with a fiery gleam in his eyes which, for a moment, seemed the harbinger of a blow. Yielding abruptly, however, he suffered Colonel Vance to draw him away and urge him into the dining room.

Nick turned and discovered Lady Glendale near the library door. One glance at her white face told him that she had heard his subdued threats. He passed near her, pausing for an instant, and whispered:

"I must see you alone! Trust me!"

Lord Glendale was approaching through the library.

Lady Glendale hesitated for the hundredth part of a second. Her dilated eyes glittering as if with fever, strove to read the face of the detective. Then, though her gray lips scarce moved, she hurriedly murmured:

"Here! At ten to-morrow!"

Nick quickly crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room, where Chick and Patsy were waiting.

"Come on," he said shortly. "We'll be going."

"Going!" Chick exclaimed, surprised. "Have you learned——"

"All that can wisely be learned—at present."

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE LIMIT.

Midnight found Nick Carter, Chick, and Patsy in their handsomely furnished suite in the Hotel Cecil. Outside garments had been removed, cigars had been lighted, and the three detectives had settled down to begin a discussion of the mysterious murder involving Lady Stella Glendale.

Nick had said very little during their return to the hotel. He had been absorbed in thought, which had led his companions to refrain from questioning him, and not a word had passed his lips concerning his discoveries, suspicions, and designs. He still appeared grave and thoughtful, moreover, and Patsy, without suspecting the true occasion, said, with characteristic feeling:

"Gee! it does seem tough, chief, for fair. Tough, in fact, is no name for it."

"For what, Patsy?" Nick inquired, coming out of his abstraction.

"For this job you've undertaken. It's perfectly plain, of course, that you only staved off questioning Lady Glendale until we can get enough evidence to drive her to the wall. We can land it, no doubt, but it seems mighty tough to pull such a woman up to the ringbolt."

"That's right, too," Chick agreed. "It does, indeed, seem wicked."

Nick smiled a bit oddly.

"Nevertheless, Chick, it does not look like a very difficult job, does it?" he inquired.

"That of fixing the crime upon her?"

"Yes."

"Far from it."

"Gee!" put in Patsy. "It looks like soft walking."

"It may prove all the more difficult, then, to fix the crime upon somebody else—where it belongs."

"Where it belongs!" Chick echoed, surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say. To fix this murder upon somebody else—that's the job we really have on our hands," said Nick. "What's more, we have mighty little time in which to accomplish it. It's barely possible that I have bit off more than I can chew—but I don't think so."

"And you don't think Lady Glendale is guilty?"

"Quite the contrary, Chick. I am convinced that Lady Glendale, though manifestly in a bad fix, really had no hand in the crime."

"Eureka!" cried Patsy impulsively. "Gee whiz! that's a horse of another color. I'll tackle the reversed job, chief, with tooth and nail. By gad, I somehow felt that you had something up your sleeve, but there seemed to me to be no getting away from the evidence."

"There is only one way, Patsy."

"By finding the true criminal?"

"Exactly. It is necessary not only to find him, but also to fix this murder upon him without exposing Lady Glendale. She is seriously involved. Just how, or for what reason, I can at present only conjecture."

"Hold on, Nick," Chick interrupted. "Why are you so sure that she had no hand in the murder? What did you discover, that every one else must have overlooked?"

"A single clew, Chick, that convinces me of the murderer's identity."

"What clew?"

"A solitary footprint in some damp soil outside of the conservatory. It was directly opposite the body, scarce five feet away. Directly above, moreover, about four feet from the ground, was a broken pane in the conservatory wall."

"Through which the revolver was aimed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But the criminal's identity——"

"The footprint was convincing—to me, at least."

"You mean?"

"It was a facsimile of the old shoe we examined at the police headquarters."

"Legarde's!" cried Patsy impulsively. "By thunder, chief, I felt it in my bones that we were going up against that rascal just once more."

"Well, well, you have sprung a surprise on me, Nick, all right," Chick said, more gravely. "I see the point, of course, but how do you account for Lady Glendale's extraordinary conduct, for her being involved with such a knave as Lucien Legarde, and for the presence of her physician in the conservatory? She must have sent for Doctor Kibby, or he would not have been there. Why did she have a clandestine meeting with him in such a place, and at such a time, if that is really what——"

"Really what, Chick, is precisely what we do not know, but must discover," Nick interposed. "Let's size up what we do know, leaving all the rest, and see what we can make of it. We've got to go back of this night's doings, if we are to learn the whole truth."

"I guess that's right."

"Cut loose, chief," said Patsy. "Tell us how you size it up."

"That may be briefly told," Nick replied. "You saw Lord Glendale a few minutes before we came away. It is not difficult to size him up correctly."

"Gee, chief, I should say not!"

"He's an arrogant, purse-proud, cold-blooded old fossil," said Nick, with unusual emphasis. "He's as hard as nails. His heart is flint. One can read that in his face."

"Quite plainly, Nick, I'll admit," said Chick.

"Tell me, then, why a woman like Lady Glendale, more than thirty years younger, as pretty as a picture, a cultured, well-bred, fascinating woman—tell me why she married such a man?"

"Well, that's not easily told, I'll confess," said Chick, laughing.

"Surely not because she loved him," Nick argued.

"No, not likely. She married him for money, perhaps."

"Don't you believe it."

"Or to acquire a title?"

"Her father has been knighted. She acquired nothing worth mentioning," Nick quickly objected. "Take it from me, Chick, there was some other reason for this marriage, and a very potent reason."

"Have you any definite suspicion?"

"I have questioned Colonel Vance about the marriage. He can tell me only that it came as a surprise to all of her friends, and that none could account for it. That is significant. Furthermore, she was said to be sought by, and thought to be deeply in love with, a captain in the Life Guards, one Cyril Markham, a young man of excellent character and some little distinction."

"H'm, I see!"

"If that is true, Chick, and she threw him over for an old fossil like Glendale—take it from me, I repeat, there was some very potent reason, one that is not generally known."

"Well, even admitting all that, Nick, how can it have involved her in this crime?" Chick questioned perplexedly.

"Legarde is capable of involving any woman in a mess, let him but discover a way of doing so."

"That's true."

"We'll start from that point, then," said Nick. "We'll assume that Legarde discovered a way by which he might, by carrying out one of his infamous schemes, seriously involve Lady Glendale, as he did those two innocent women in Paris, whom we snatched out of his clutches. As I have said, however, precisely what he discovered can only be conjectured."

"True again."

"We do know, nevertheless, that there appears to be only two other persons involved—Lady Glendale and Doctor Kibby."

"What about Peterson?"

"I think Peterson figures only incidentally in the affair."

"How so?"

"I think that he merely saw Lady Glendale when she fled from the conservatory," Nick pointed out. "He was the first to enter, mind you, after the shot was fired. He was upon the spot, moreover, within half a minute. Obviously, then, if I am right, he suspected Lady Glendale of having killed her physician."

"There seems to be, Nick, no reasonable doubt of that," Chick assented.

"No, none whatever. Peterson's loyalty to her, nevertheless, or his fondness for her, impels him to shield her. Lady Glendale must have feared he had seen her, and not knowing whether he would betray her, she evidently remained in her room until his attitude could be learned. She clinched that by listening at the drawing-room door when I questioned him, and she then felt perfectly safe in asserting that she knew nothing about the crime. That alone, was, in my opinion her reason for playing the eavesdropper."

"By Jove, I guess you are right."

"All of which," Nick added, "shows plainly that Peterson figures only incidentally in the case. If in league with Lady Glendale in any way, she would have known just what to expect. There would have been no occasion to have listened."

"Right again," Chick agreed. "There is no getting around it."

"We must assume, then, since Lady Glendale evidently removed the key by stealth after Peterson had locked the conservatory door, that both she and Doctor Kibby went there voluntarily. In other words, they met there by appointment."

"Surely."

"Naturally, then, several very important questions arise," Nick proceeded. "Who appointed this rendezvous? Did Lady Glendale? If so, for what reason? Doctor Kibby being dead, she alone can answer that question—if she will."

Chick quickly shook his head.

"That, in view of the determined attitude she has taken, seems wholly improbable," he remarked.

"Possibly," Nick admitted. "I shall know to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"I have an appointment with her at ten o'clock."

"The dickens! Is that so?"

"What I can learn from her, however, remains to be seen," Nick added. "Now, on the other hand, the rendezvous may have been made by Doctor Kibby. What, in that case, was his object? What did he want of Lady Glendale, that he could not visit her openly, or she call at his office?"

"There was some stringent reason, all right."

"As before, however, Doctor Kibby cannot explain," said Nick. "It is barely possible that Doctor Kaliff, his close friend and professional associate, can do so. I don't think a visit from me would be agreeable to him, however, after my calling him down so forcibly this evening. You must visit him to-morrow morning, Chick, and see what you can learn."

"That's a good idea," said Chick. "Leave Doctor Kaliff to me. I'll get his measure, all right, and learn all that he knows about the case."

"Now, finally, how does Legarde fit in, and how did he learn about this rendezvous?"

"That's the main question, chief," declared Patsy. "That's the one to be answered."

"We must find answers for all of them, Patsy," replied Nick. "We must also find Legarde himself. That sly dog must be located and muzzled. We cannot assume that

he was in league with Doctor Kibby, of course, or he would not have killed him."

"No, not likely."

"We must find him, therefore, and that possibly can be done by tracing that old shoe shown us by Colonel Vance."

"By Jove, that's right, too," cried Patsy, starting up. "Let me tackle that work. I'll run the rat to his hole, even if it's in the lowest and darkest corner of London."

"I intended doing so," said Nick, with a nod of approval. "Get the shoe from headquarters to-morrow morning. Start in with the cobbler from whom the policeman received it, and trace——"

"You leave it to me, chief," Patsy broke in. "You don't need to tell me what to do. I'll trace that shoe, if necessary, to the man who made it."

"You'll not have time for that."

"Not have time?"

"Far from it," said Nick. "The circumstances require, unless I am much mistaken, that we shall do one of the quickest jobs on record. We have only until to-morrow noon to learn the whole truth, to run down Legarde, to silence him effectually, and——"

"And what?" questioned Chick.

"And save Lady Glendale," Nick added, with unusual gravity. "Understand me, both of you; I am thoroughly convinced, in spite of conflicting circumstances, that she is a thoroughly true and honorable woman. But she is caught in a net. Some slight indiscretion, some thoughtless escapade, or circumstances over which she had no control, have occasioned her present serious predicament. She is in a bad mess, the nature of which she may refuse to confide to me, even. Whether she will, or not—I'm going to pull her out of the scrape."

"Eureka! Bully for you, chief!" cried Patsy. "Gee! but this case has turned to my liking."

"But why, Nick, have we only until noon to-morrow?" Chick inquired.

"Because Colonel Vance dares not longer suppress the evidence involving the woman," Nick explained. "If that is disclosed, the evidence produced, the circumstances revealed—well, there will be no more secrecy for Lady Glendale. She will be placed where lies will not serve her. She will be forced to admit the truth, to tell the whole story, to confess—Heaven knows what!"

"I see—I see!" said Chick.

"I'm out to prevent that, Chick," Nick forcibly added. "I'm going to save that woman, if there's any such thing as doing it—and it's got to be done before noon to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAT IN THE MEAL.

It was precisely ten o'clock the following morning when Nick Carter approached Lord Glendale's residence. Incidentally, or perhaps because of some subtle mental attraction not yet perfectly understood, though quite frequently experienced, Nick glanced toward the room to which his attention had been called the previous night. Lady Glendale, with the lace draperies parted, was anxiously gazing from one of the windows. Quickly raising her hand, she directed the detective to the side door.

Nick nodded slightly, then passed around to the porte-cochère.

Lady Glendale then was at the door to admit him—with her forefinger laid on her lips.

Nick entered silently, followed her up a stairway in the side hall, and within half a minute the door of her private apartments had closed behind them. She turned the key noiselessly, then seemed to breathe more easily.

She was very pale. Her darkly ringed eyes told that she had not slept. Her lips looked gray and drawn. This haggard aspect, however, did not rob her of her beauty. Her fair face, with its winsome expression, its vague shadow of sadness, of suffering silently endured, was one none could resist. She was clad in a soft, blue morning dress trimmed with white lace, moreover, which accentuated her beauty and the perfect lines of her graceful figure.

She turned to Nick after locking the door, and said, with a quietude and composure that somewhat surprised him:

"We shall not be overheard if we converse quietly. I have given Peterson directions that will preclude any interruption, unless—well, that is not probable. I refer to Lord Glendale. He usually is absent at this hour. This morning, unfortunately, he has remained at home, and now is in the library. That is why I have brought you here."

"Where I talk with you, Lady Glendale, is not material," Nick replied, taking the chair she indicated. "Only what I can learn from you is important."

"I understand," she rejoined, sitting near him. "If I were not prepared to speak frankly to you, Mr. Carter, I should not have permitted this interview. I have several reasons for doing so."

"Yes?" queried Nick tentatively.

"I shall try to tell you calmly," she added, with her pathetic blue eyes fixed upon his. "Knowing what you had in mind," she continued, "I was deeply moved by your consideration when you questioned me last evening. I heard, too, what you said to Doctor Kaliff in the hall. I then felt instinctively, or perhaps because of my acute anxiety, that your motive was even more than a manly one, and that you were inclined to befriend me. That is why, knowing you by name and reputation, I determined to do what you advised."

"Trust me?"

"Yes. That is what you said."

"I think, Lady Glendale, you will never have reason to regret it," Nick said earnestly. "You interpreted my conduct correctly. I have absolute faith in my ability to read character, and in spite of what has occurred, the incriminating circumstances and the situation in which you are placed, the serious nature of which I hardly think you appreciate——"

"On the contrary, Mr. Carter, I know precisely where I stand."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Be that as it may, then, I could see in you only a woman innocently involved, incapable of any deliberate evil, but caught in a net from which you cannot possibly escape unaided. I resolved to pull you out of it, therefore, and to accomplish it without subjecting you to any exposure, if possible. That still is my intention."

Lady Glendale's lips trembled and her eyes grew moist.

"I was right, then," she said, a bit brokenly. "There is one, at least, to whom I can wisely turn. How——" she

leaned forward impulsively and laid her hand on his: "How can I ever repay you?"

"That, Lady Glendale, can be very easily done," Nick replied.

"Tell me."

"By following my advice."

"God knows I need advice—and aid."

"Let me give you both," said Nick. "You understand, of course, that I can accomplish nothing unless I know the whole truth. Whatever you confide to me, Lady Glendale, shall be a dead secret, from the moment I end my work on this case. The result may depend upon what you tell me. Only the truth can save you. Only the truth——"

"Hush!" she interrupted him, with a whisper.

"If I had not decided to confide in you, Mr. Carter, to tell you the whole truth, in so far as I can do so, I should not have received you here."

"Ah, very good," Nick said. "Let's proceed at once, then, that no time may be lost. For time is, I assure you, very valuable this morning. Begin at the beginning, Lady Glendale, and tell me the whole story."

She drew her chair a little nearer to him, then hastened to comply.

"My miserable story began, Mr. Carter, with my marriage to Lord Glendale," she said, more calmly.

"An undesirable marriage."

"Undesirable does not express it. Language is utterly inadequate to depict my bitter detestation of Lord Glendale," said she, with a shudder. "I abhor him, I despise the very ground on which he walks. I hated him when I married him. I——"

"But——"

"Oh, it's the same old threadbare story, Mr. Carter. You would ask me why I married him. I could see no alternative. Duty, the obligations of a loyal daughter, compelled me to do so. I married him to shield my father, my family, from utter ruin and dishonor."

"Frankly, Lady Glendale, I suspected it," said Nick. "What was the trouble? Tell me in a general way. The details are not material. Did Lord Glendale have some kind of a hold on your father?"

"Yes."

"Of what nature?"

"Both Lord Glendale and my father then were in public office. Lord Glendale was secretary of——"

"I must not delay for particulars," Nick interposed. "State merely the nature of the case."

"My father, hard pressed financially, had accepted from the agent of a foreign power a bribe for the disclosure of certain secret compacts with Germany. Incriminating papers, hopelessly involving my father, fell into Lord Glendale's hands——"

"Ah, I see!" Nick put in. "He alone discovered your father's treason. He had your father on the hip. He could suppress the papers, or use them to coerce you into marrying him. He did the latter. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Had you any doubt of your father's guilt?"

"Not the slightest," said Lady Glendale sadly. "He came to me with a complete confession. He told me what Lord Glendale required. He implored me to save him, entreated me to shield him and our family from the hideous shame, and to sacrifice myself——"

"In a nutshell, Lady Glendale, you did so."

"I did."

"Have the incriminating papers been given to your father?"

"They have, and have been destroyed."

"Is there any other proof of his guilt?"

"No, none. Only Lord Glendale knew the facts, moreover, and when I married him——"

"That ground is sufficiently covered," Nick again interposed. "Go a step further. Were any other persons affected by this marriage?"

Lady Glendale colored deeply, and bowed.

"Yes," she admitted. "I had, though it then was a secret understanding between us, pledged my hand to a man with whom I was deeply in love. His name is Cyril Markham. He is a captain in the Life Guards. He was in South Africa at the time I was married, and he did not return for several months. I wrote to him, and invented, as best I could, a reason for my sudden marriage, my disloyalty to him, but the letter miscarried and was never received."

"I follow you," Nick bowed.

"I received no reply, of course, and supposed that he despised me too deeply to answer," Lady Glendale continued. "I learned later, that he first saw my marriage in a newspaper, and not having heard from me, that he was too deeply offended to write and require an explanation."

"Naturally, of course."

"He returned to London last August. I then wrote to him again, begging for an interview, but the letter was returned to me unopened. I tried in vain to see him. I tried through mutual friends to bring about an interview. My every effort proved futile. I cannot tell you what I suffered, what I——"

"I appreciate your feelings, Lady Glendale," Nick said kindly. "Confine yourself, however, to telling me only what occurred."

"One night, when Lord Glendale was absent from home," she again proceeded, "I went secretly to Cyril's apartments in the Hotel Harrow. I was determined that he should see me, that he should know enough of the truth to set me right in his estimation. It was a terrible indiscretion, a step which only dreadful grief and suffering could have led me to take. He was dismayed when he saw me—but he let me in and heard my story. He did more—he forgave me."

"Which shows, at least, that he is a manly fellow," said Nick. "Go on, please, as briefly as possible."

"I can only tell you what relief, what almost maddening relief, his forgiveness gave me," Lady Glendale continued. "I think the reaction from what I had suffered brought on the mishap that followed. I was about to leave him, about to stealthily return home, when I was taken violently ill, an acute attack of heart trouble, with which I at times have been affected."

"So violently, I infer, that you could not leave his apartments," said Nick.

"Precisely," Lady Glendale admitted, with a moan. "It was impossible, utterly impossible. I was completely prostrated and suffering intensely. The attendance of a physician was imperative. Without medical aid, Mr. Carter, I should have died before morning."

"I understand."

"I realized my terrible situation, of course, and that my honorable name was frightfully threatened. I had

no alternative, however, and I determined to call my regular physician and rely upon his subsequent secrecy."

"You called Doctor Kibby."

"Yes. He came as quickly as possible. I told him the exact circumstances, and whatever his personal views may have been, he promised never to betray me. I am telling you only the truth, Mr. Carter—God hearing me!" Lady Glendale feelingly added, with tear-filled eyes.

"I believe every word you are saying," Nick assured her. "Tell me what followed."

"Doctor Kibby gave me restoratives and stimulants. He enabled me to recover sufficiently to secretly leave the hotel the following morning. Instead of returning here, however, I went to my former home and confided the facts to my father. I forced him to subsequently inform Lord Glendale that I had been taken ill while there, and that I had spent the night there."

"I understand," said Nick, convinced of her integrity.

"That was all, until two weeks ago."

"Your husband never has suspected?"

"No—God forbid! He would not believe me."

"Humph!" Nick ejaculated. "He does not impress me favorably. But that's neither here nor there. What occurred two weeks ago?"

"I was called upon by a man who stated that his name is Seth Logan," Lady Glendale replied. "He has discovered my secret and knows all of the circumstances. He——"

"Ah, I see!" Nick put in. "He is trying to blackmail you."

"Yes. He threatens——"

"I don't care what he threatens. I want only to learn where I can find him."

"I cannot inform you."

"Has he stated where he obtained the information?"

"No. I put him off with a promise that I would consider the matter, and I then went to Doctor Kibby. He protested that he had not betrayed me, that he had disclosed nothing, that he did not even know Logan by name, or how he——"

"One moment," said Nick. "Give me a description of Logan."

Lady Glendale did so, and gave him a very excellent description of—Lucien Legarde.

An ominous gleam had appeared in the depths of Nick's eyes. He now felt sure that he understood the entire case, that he detected the deviltry underlying it, and he was eager to be on the move.

"What more did Doctor Kibby say to you?" he asked.

"What more could he say?" Lady Glendale replied. "I asked him if he would deny Logan's assertions, in case I were to defy him, and——"

"Wait! What reply did Doctor Kibby make to that?"

"He said that he could not do so, would not dare to do so, if the matter should come into the courts. He said that his books, which he would not dare to destroy, would show when and where he had attended me, also that——"

"Punk! That's all nonsense!" Nick again interrupted. "Now, Lady Glendale, tell me why he was in the conservatory last night, and why you met him there."

"He telephoned to me yesterday afternoon, stating that Logan had called on him and that he thought that he could silence the scoundrel. He insisted that he must confer with me privately for a few minutes, however, and I consented to see him in the conservatory, stating that I would unlock the outer door for him and join him there at half past eight."

"Yes, yes, I see," said Nick.

"I did so," Lady Glendale proceeded. "I stole down the side stairway unseen and out of the house. I no sooner had entered the conservatory, however, where Doctor Kibby already was waiting for me, than he was shot down at my feet. Not a word had passed between us. Horrified, I fled to my room——"

"I have deduced the rest," said Nick. "The shot was fired from outside of the conservatory, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"I knew that, Lady Glendale, when talking with you last evening. Did any one else see you in the conservatory?"

"I am not sure. I think, however, that Peterson may have caught sight of me, or thinks he did. But I would trust Peterson with my life. Even if he suspects, he never will mention it."

"I guess that's right," Nick replied. "A denial from you, moreover, would be sufficient. Now, Lady Glendale, when did you last see Logan?"

"Three days ago. He then gave me one week in which to accept his terms."

"What about Doctor Kaliff?" Nick inquired. "Are you acquainted with him? How long has he been associated with Doctor Kibby?"

"Only about a month, I believe."

"Had you ever seen him before, or heard of him?"

"No, never. I——"

"You need tell me no more," Nick interrupted, glancing at his watch. "I now want you, Lady Glendale, to follow my instructions. You can consistently do so—and with perfect safety."

"Tell me."

"Merely maintain the position you have taken," Nick impressively directed. "Continue to deny, if there should be any occasion, that you know anything about this crime, that you were in the conservatory, or that you have any reason to have met Doctor Kibby, or to fear any one else. That is all, Lady Glendale, and you will hear from me later in the day."

"But, Mr. Carter, suppose that——"

"Let's not suppose anything," Nick again interrupted, rising. "Unless I am much mistaken, I shall make a sure thing of this, instead. No, no, don't ask me what I mean. Be content Lady Glendale, to wait until I can give you positive information. I must go at once, moreover, that no time shall be lost. Permit me to do so."

There was a brighter light in Lady Glendale's grave eyes. She felt, in spite of the threatening circumstances, that hope which an assurance from Nick Carter invariably inspired. She stepped into the hall, listened for a moment, then beckoned for him to follow her.

Nick tiptoed down the side-hall stairs and out of the house.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRAIL.

As may be inferred, in view of the pressing circumstances, Patsy Garvan was up and doing long before Nick and Chick were out of bed that morning, there being nothing they could accomplish until later.

Five o'clock, in fact, found Patsy heading for Scotland Yard, where he was very well known, and where he knew he could obtain what he wanted—the old shoe, suspected of having been discarded by Lucien Legarde.

The day had scarce begun to dawn. Lights still were gleaming along the Victoria Embankment. Traffic had not begun, and the streets of this busy and congested part of London were comparatively deserted.

"Gee! It looks like a hard hunt, for fair," thought Patsy, as he was approaching the Charing Cross Bridge. "If I only had a week, or even a couple of days, in which to find that miscreant, I'd feel pretty near sure of landing him. But this working against time, with only six hours in which to run down one person among five or six millions—it sure does look a bit rocky. I've got a clew and a starting point, however, and they help some."

It was half past five when Patsy left Scotland Yard with the old shoe wrapped in brown paper, and thrust into his pocket.

Following the Strand, thence through Fleet Street and over Ludgate Hill, by famous St. Paul's and down through Cannon Street—six o'clock brought him into that old part of London in which Lime Street is located.

He found in an obscure little building, plugged partly into a narrow court, the shop of the cobbler named Royce, who had given the shoe to a policeman. The shop then was closed, but Patsy had waited only a quarter hour when a wizened old man opened the door from within. Patsy immediately entered and stated his mission, showing the cobbler the shoe.

Royce remembered it. He could state, however, only that he had received it among others from a rag-and-junk dealer named Galen, with whom he had a contract, if worthy the name, for the purchase of all such truck.

Patsy obtained the required address, and soon found the quarters occupied by the junk dealer. Galen knew nothing about the shoe, however, but stated that it probably had been brought to his place by one of more than a score of ragpickers, who got their living from refuse barrels set out in the early morning, and whose collection of rags and papers he was accustomed to buying.

Learning that most of these indigent fellows were then out and at work, but would arrive with their wagons or bags during the early hours of the morning, Patsy determined to wait and question each who arrived. This seemed to be the only course, or the most promising one, at least, that he could shape.

It was after nine o'clock before he met with any success, however, and he was on nettles after having vainly questioned more than a dozen of the decidedly ignorant and repulsive fellows. Finally, a Russian Jew named Klovitz entered the junk dealer's yard, and Patsy tackled him.

Much to his gratification—Klovitz instantly remembered the shoe, remembered that he had picked it out of a refuse barrel in another part of the city.

In fact, Klovitz thought he could even remember the precise locality, if he was to visit it again, the narrow French shoe having made quite a distinct impression upon him.

Patsy delayed to learn no more. Within five minutes he had the ragpicker in a motor car, speeding toward that quarter of London which Klovitz directed. It was after ten o'clock, when, at the junction of Euston and Hampstead Roads, the ragpicker suddenly straightened up and suggested alighting. Patsy complied and dismissed the car.

Klovitz then proceeded through several short streets and around as many corners, until Patsy had begun to lose heart, in fact, when his companion suddenly halted and pointed to a paved alley some thirty yards away across the street, which made in between two high brick walls, each adjoining the narrow side yard of a brick dwelling in—Stanhope Street.

"That's where you found it?" asked Patsy.

Klovitz nodded his frowzy head and grunted confidently. He could not speak intelligible English.

"Are you sure?" questioned Patsy. "You picked it out of a refuse barrel in that alley?"

Klovitz nodded even more emphatically.

Patsy gazed across at the nearer house. A polished brass plate on the front gate had caught his eye. He could read it in a moment—Manuel Kibby, M. D.

"Holy smoke!" Patsy's heart leaped into action again as if under an electric shock. "By thunder, I've got him! The ragpicker's right."

Klovitz then was given the surprise of his life. For Patsy, lest they might be seen from the house, seized and dragged him around the near corner. There, after thrusting a sovereign into the man's grimy hand, he hurriedly gave him to understand that he no longer was needed and must vanish from that locality.

Klovitz gazed at the coin, with eyes brighter than it was when it came from the mint. Then, with repeated bows and gesticulations, together with a volley of guttural thanks, he obeyed the directions given him and hurried away.

Patsy was not long at arriving at the significance of his discovery, nor in deciding what to do. He knew that the physician's body was not then in the house, it having been taken in charge by the authorities for an autopsy. But Legarde—that was different.

"I'll find out for a starter, if possible, whether the rascal is there," thought Patsy. "Chick was to call on the other sawbones who lives there, Doctor Kaliff, and he may have been and gone without learning anything. I'll bet, by Jove, that I get wise to something. There's nothing like the underground route. Catch crooks alone for mine, when their measure is wanted."

Patsy put on a simple disguise while briefly waiting, apprehending that he might be recognized by Doctor Kaliff, and surely by Legarde, if the latter was in the house. Then, crossing the street, he approached under the shelter of the wall inclosing the place and glided into the alley mentioned.

There, through a round hole in a solid wooden gate, he peered into the side yard. Back of the house was a small garage, with a short driveway and entrance from a back street. Both the yard and the garage appeared to be deserted.

"A basement kitchen and laundry," thought Patsy, sizing up the house. "The living rooms are on the floor above. No one in sight, eh? But there's a ventilator in one side window, and some one may be in that room. I might see, or overhear—by Jove, it's worth trying. If I can reach that trellis unseen, the woodbine will afterward hide me."

The window was on the floor above the basement and

some eight feet from the ground. Near it was a high trellis thickly covered with climbing woodbine.

Patsy did not long demur.

He shot one swift glance at the several windows, then noiselessly opened and closed the gate, and darted across the yard, gliding between the vine-covered trellis and the brick wall. He then could faintly hear voices through the opening of the ventilator, but could not distinguish what was said.

"That room is occupied, by Jove, as I suspected," he said to himself. "Two men, too, by their voices. But I might as well be on the roof as here, unless——"

He turned quietly and tested the two lower bars of the trellis. He found that they would bear his weight. He mounted them noiselessly, facing the wall, and then found that he could safely peer through the ventilator for a moment.

He then gazed into a square, neatly furnished room. In the middle of it stood a flat desk, at which Doctor Kaliff was seated.

Near by stood a muscular, dark-featured man in the twenties, whose frowning eyes and evil expression denoted the vicious character of the matter under discussion, as appeared in the first words that fell upon Patsy's ears.

"Never mind the whys and wherefores," Kaliff was saying. "I shall not confide in you, nor in any one else. I alone know the facts and how the money can be got. It ought to satisfy you to be sure of a big bundle of it."

"Kibby's chauffeur, Jeremiah Hogg," thought Patsy, suddenly recalling the name mentioned by Colonel Vance.

"That's all right, doc, as far as that part of it goes," Hogg grimly answered. "I don't care what the job is, nor what you have got up your sleeve. But I must know what I'm to get for my part of it."

"Not less, then, than a thousand pounds."

"Sure money?"

"As sure as you hear me," Kaliff forcibly asserted. Then, with less vehemence: *"Pardieu!* You can trust me. There is honor among thieves."

"Pardieu!" The exclamation, heard so frequently in Paris from the lips of the notorious French crook, echoed like a flash through Patsy's brain. "By thunder!" he mentally added. "Here's the rascal himself. Legarde and this man Kaliff are one and the same. Now, by Jove, it will be all off when the chief learns——"

Patsy's train of thought was abruptly ended when Jerry Hogg, after brief hesitation, said with sinister grimness:

"A thousand pounds, eh? Well, that's a tidy sum. But what's to be done for it?"

"There are three men in London whom I want out of the way," said Legarde.

"Three, eh?"

"What matters whether it be three, or one?" Legarde questioned significantly. "The penalty is the same—if caught."

"That's true," Hogg grimly admitted.

"What matters, then?" Legarde repeated, with a shrug.

"It doesn't matter," Hogg growled. "Where are the three?"

"One of them is right here," thought Patsy. "But you'll not get me. The boot will be on the other leg."

"One of them, Jerry, and possibly two will probably come here to-day," Legarde replied. "That's why I have sent the housekeeper away until Monday. *Pardieu!* We want no women around."

"No!" Hogg growled darkly, shaking his head. "Women is bad."

"The three men are American detectives."

"That don't sound good to me."

"If they come here separately, nevertheless, or even two of them, it will be easy to down them—with the help of the two ruffians you have provided," Legarde forcibly argued.

"Aye, easy enough!" Hogg agreed. "But what then?"

"I have stuff that will finish them."

"And then?"

"That's where you and your friends must again take a hand. No time can be lost in removing their remains, once we have ended them. You have a car in the garage. A half hour run will take you to some point on the Thames where they can be safely weighted and sunk. *Sapristi!* we shall have spent our money, or doubled it, before that river gives up its dead."

"Aye, that might be!" said Hogg, nodding thoughtfully. "It can be done, all right."

"Come, come, then, we waste time discussing it," cried Legarde. "Besides, either of them might arrive and find us unprepared. Your two men—can they be trusted?"

"Like the Bank of England."

"They know what we require of them?"

"Aye, and will do it."

"The price has been fixed? They are satisfied?"

"Better—they are gratified."

"Are they waiting outside?"

"Aye! In the garage."

"Bring them in," cried Legarde abruptly. "Bring them in and we'll make ready to give unwelcome visitors a reception they'll remember—or, ha, not remember!"

Hogg's frown had vanished. He turned with a villainous grin and hurried from the room.

"So the rascal is out to get us, eh? By Jove, I'll put a damper on that," thought Patsy. "I'd better get a move on, too, before he comes out, or——"

He turned with the last and was about to drop to the ground, and the thought he had in mind was never finished.

At the very foot of the trellis, one on each side of it, stood two low-browed rascals in rough clothes and woolen caps, both gazing up at him with looks of mingled animosity and derision on their hangdog faces.

"Holy smoke! Hogg's two ruffians from the garage. They must have seen me while crossing the yard," flashed through Patsy's mind, and it hit the nail on the head.

"What's doing, matie?" one of them huskily asked, with a covert leer. "What's doing up there?"

"Nothing doing," said Patsy, still on the second bar of the trellis. "What d'ye think?"

"We uns don't think. We uns know—hold on! None o' that!"

Patsy was reaching for his revolver.

Instantly, with a lightninglike move, one of the rascals grasped his legs and jerked him from the trellis. The other, pouncing upon him from the opposite side, clapped an open knife against his throat.

"Keep quiet!" he fiercely snarled, with eyes even more threatening. "Not a yip, blast ye, or there'll be red liquor flowing!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE TOILS.

Patsy Garvan had too much respect for a whole skin to venture resisting the two ruffians who had cornered him back of the trellis. Before he could have accomplished anything, moreover, Jerry Hogg came running around a corner of the house, while the window above flew open, Legarde's disguised face appeared over the sill.

"Ha!" he cried, instantly suspecting the truth. "One ferret already in the rat hole. Bring him in, my good fellows. Bring him in by the back door—the back door. See to it, Jerry, and secure the side gate. *Pardieu!* the game opens finely. We hold the left bower already, and need only the right and the joker. Bring him in—ha! bring him in."

The rascal ended all this with a gleeful, exultant laugh, then vanished into the room and closed the window.

Jerry Hogg, also grasping the situation, had needed no bidding. Darting back of Patsy, whose wrists were firmly held by the scowling ruffians, one of whom still pressed a knife to his throat, Hogg quickly discovered Patsy's two revolvers, both of which he transferred to his own pockets, while hurriedly asking:

"How long has he been here, Mooney? How did you get wise?"

"Not long, mate," growled the man with a knife. "Lookin' out after you, we piped him from the garage. We seen he was listenin' 'ere, and we——"

"Crept out and nailed him, eh?"

"That's what."

"Well done, too," Hogg darkly muttered. "Stop a bit! I'll tie this round his chops——"

"There's no need of that," interrupted Patsy, coolly pushing aside a huge red handkerchief which Hogg had produced. "I'm not monkey enough to kick against a bunch of cutthroats who have all the best of it. I'll keep quiet and go where you like."

"Well, thet's werry obligin' under the circumstances," grinned Mooney. "See thet ye do, then, for this 'ere toadsticker is werry sharp. Lead the way, Jerry, lad. We'll look arter him."

Hogg at once hastened around a rear corner of the house and into a basement entry. Patsy followed, still in the grasp of the two ruffians, who forced him up a flight of narrow stairs and into the room in which Legarde again was seated.

"Aha!" he exclaimed exultantly, pointing to a chair. "Place him there. Always give one's visitor a seat. A strip of cord, Jerry, and bind his hands behind him. Then remove his disguise—*pardieu!* I have reason to remember those eyes and to know him. In that I have the advantage."

"Don't you bank too heavily on that, Mr. Redhead," Patsy said bluntly, while all three rascals were hurriedly obeying the instructions given them.

"Redhead, eh?" queried Legarde, with a mirthless laugh. "That's what I said."

"But what did you mean, eh? Not that you know me?"

"You can size it up in any old way you like."

"Hey! we'll soon see," Legarde sneered. "Bind him fast, my good Jerry. See, too, what he has in his pockets. They may show why he is here and what—ha! what is that, eh? An old shoe!"

The bearded face of the rascal changed like a flash. Snatching the package from Patsy's pocket, after having securely bound him and torn off his disguise, Hogg had dropped the telltale shoe to the floor, only to seize it and place it in the speaker's hand.

Legarde instantly recognized it. He appeared puzzled for a moment, as if he could not fathom how it came into Patsy hands, but the very fact that he had it and was there led him very quickly to hit near the truth.

"*Pardieu!*" he exclaimed, with brows knitting. "You do know me, then?"

"You bet I know you—and know no good of you," said Patsy curtly.

"*Sapristi!* Tell me—where did you get it?"

"Try a guess. You ought to be good at guessing."

"You'll not say, eh?"

"Not unless I fall to talking in my sleep," Patsy coolly declared. "You'll get nothing out of me while I'm awake."

Legarde's eyes took on a merciless gleam.

"*Pardieu!*" he muttered, half in his throat. "We shall see. But I can guess—a guess will serve! It was found by the police. The heel was discovered. It was given to you, to Nick Carter, and he—ha! he, too, is good at guessing. He wants me—wants me again, eh? He set you to trace me, you rat, and you have done it. But he does not know—he will never know! Not from you!"

"Is that so?" Patsy retorted. "Don't you be too sure of it."

"*Sapristi!* I will make sure—trust me for that."

"Trust you, eh? That would be a wise move."

"But he does not know," Legarde fiercely repeated, as if there had been no interruption. "He may be good at guessing, but his eyes are not good. He saw me last night, but he did not know me. *Pardieu!* I am content. I will soon get him—as I've got you."

Viewing the bearded rascal, even by daylight and at close range, Patsy did not wonder that Nick had failed to recognize him. His disguise was more than artistic. It buried his true personality like a mask. Thoroughly disgusted with the unfortunate turn of affairs, and by no means favorably impressed with the outlook, Patsy made no reply.

That he was fully justified in his misgivings, moreover, appeared in what immediately followed. For Legarde did not resume the conversation. Instead, starting to his feet, he drew Hogg aside with the two waiting ruffians, and for nearly ten minutes they conversed in whispers too low to reach the detective's ears.

Their evil faces, however, with occasional vicious glances in his direction convinced Patsy that he was the subject of their discussing, and that their designs were of the worst kind.

"They are planning to give me mine, all right," he said to himself. "That rascal is urging them to consent to it without delay. He fears that Nick, or Chick, may show up before I am well out of the way. I'm surely in wrong, unless——"

His train of thought was cut short by—the sudden violent ringing of the doorbell.

Legarde turned like a flash and darted into an adjoining room, where he cautiously peered from a window.

Nick Carter, quietly whistling a popular air and with his hands thrust carelessly into his pockets, was standing on the front steps.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRIME AND THE COST.

That Legarde's nerve did not forsake him when he beheld Nick Carter at his door, that his confidence in himself was unshaken, as well as the conclusions at which he had arrived concerning Patsy's doings and Nick's inability to have discovered the true circumstances—all this appeared in the course which the rascal immediately shaped.

He turned and darted into the hall, which ran straight through the house, where he beckoned Hogg and the two ruffians to join him. In hurried whispers he quickly explained the situation, directed them to rush Patsy down to the cellar, leaving him bound and gagged there, and then to steal up to the hall with weapons ready, prepared to come to his assistance the moment he held up the detective.

The explanation was made and these instructions given in a very few seconds. No time was lost in carrying them out, moreover. Patsy, not much to his surprise, was seized and hurried down the back stairs, while Legarde darted to his desk and snatched a revolver from a drawer, thrusting it into his hip pocket.

Then, within two minutes after the ringing of the doorbell, looking as calm and complacent as if nothing had occurred, or was to occur, Legarde opened the door and confronted the detective.

"Ah!" said Nick blandly, bowing and smiling. "Good morning, Doctor Kaliff."

Legarde eyed him narrowly for an instant, then said:

"Good morning, sir."

Nick noticed that he spoke rather coldly, and he at once said suavely, with an apologetic gesture:

"You recognize me, I see, and, of course, recall my brusqueness of last evening. I don't know, doctor, but I owe you an apology. I was laboring under some excitement, however, as well as you, and——"

"Pray, say no more about it, Mr. Carter, since you now admit it so frankly," Legarde interrupted, smiling. "I was wrong, too, no doubt. Walk in, sir."

"Thank you," said Nick, entering.

"The fact is, Mr. Carter, I am so anxious that the murderer of my old friend shall be found and punished for——"

"That alone, Doctor Kaliff, puts us on a common ground," Nick now interposed, as they entered the library. "Let's forget the little episode of last night. I am anxious, too, to find the murderer—and I think you may be able to help me."

"Help you?"

"Exactly. That's why I am calling on you."

"Help you in what way?" questioned Legarde, somewhat puzzled. "Have a chair."

Nick sat down at one side of the desk, Legarde at the other. Apparently, the detective meant all that he had said, and was there with no covert motive whatever, which perplexed Legarde not a little.

"I will tell you in what way," Nick replied, gazing with affected earnestness at his hearer. "I am looking for a certain man, with whom Doctor Kibby was acquainted, and whom you possibly may know, or have seen here. His name is Seth Logan."

Legarde's eyes brightened perceptibly, and he smiled. He had feared that his own might be the name Nick would mention. He said blandly:

"Seth Logan, eh?"

"That is the name," said Nick. "Do you know him."

"No, indeed, Mr. Carter."

"Ever heard of him?"

"No, never."

"Well, as a matter of fact, Doctor Kaliff, I suspect that that name is an alias," said Nick agreeably.

"An alias?"

"Yes. I think it is used only to cover the name of a notorious French criminal, who escaped from prison only a few weeks ago. His name is Lucien Legarde. Have you ever heard of him?"

"I have read about him," said Legarde, now with a subtle ring in his cold voice. "I think I read, also, that you once arrested him in Paris."

"Twice," corrected Nick, smiling a bit oddly. "I shall do so once more—and that will end him."

"Ah!"

Legarde's hand stole nearer his thigh.

"But what possible conection can there be, Mr. Carter, between Doctor Kibby and this French criminal, Legarde?" he deliberately questioned, looking Nick straight in the eye.

Nick did not stir from his position—it was one well calculated to suggest that he had no violent designs.

"I will tell you briefly," he replied. "I think that Doctor Kibby was acquainted with Legarde, possibly a close friend, before Legarde went to the bad. I think the latter came here after his escape, seeking shelter with the physician, whom he found short of money."

"That seems utterly improbable, sir," frowned Legarde.

"Not to me," said Nick. "I think that Legarde, knowing certain facts about a wealthy lady, conspired with Doctor Kibby to blackmail her. Not content with half a loaf, however, having also learned the facts, the base treachery of which Legarde is capable, led him to go a step farther. He contrived to bring about a clandestine meeting between Kibby and the lady, and in order to have her even more helplessly in his power by possessing apparent proof that she killed him, as well as a motive for doing so, the rascal last night did the deed himself."

"Nonsense! That cannot be," Legarde protested, leaning forward to add weight to his words. "No such man has been here."

"Are you sure of that, Doctor Kaliff?"

"Absolutely sure! He could not have been here without my having seen him."

"Well, that's what I came here to learn," said Nick carelessly.

"By asking me, eh?"

"No—thus!"

As quick as a flash, Nick's right hand shot out from his shoulder. His fingers closed around the red beard of his hearer. One violent jerk, and off it came, wig and all.

And there he sat revealed—Legarde.

In point of fact, however, he was not sitting—he was pitching backward in his effort to evade Nick, at the same time yelling for help and snatching the revolver from his pocket.

Getting only the disguise, of course, Nick was unable to hold the scamp. Hearing the rush of heavy feet in the hall, and knowing that he might make a fatal mistake by

grappling with Legarde, who had pitched back of his desk. Nick sprang away from the hall door and also reached for his revolver.

That one quick move saved his life.

Legarde fired the next instant.

The bullet passed within an inch of Nick's head, and buried itself in the near wall.

At the same moment, plunging into the room, came Hogg and the two ruffians. Hogg had a revolver, the others carried knives.

Nick did not hesitate for an instant. He feared only the guns. As Hogg's weapon was raised, the detective fired—and Hogg dropped, with a broken arm, and his revolver flew into the hall.

Mooney and his companion staggered back, white with dismay.

Legarde saw them weaken—and it let loose the devil in him. He leaped up desperately from behind the desk and and turned to fire—but Nick Carter's weapon barked before the crook could press the trigger.

The bullet went true.

Legarde uttered one shriek, threw both hands above his head, then pitched face forward over the desk and crashed upon the floor—shot through the heart.

Mingled with all this, the front door had been burst open, and Chick Carter rushed through the hall, at once arresting Mooney and his companion. Chick had arrived at the house, as agreed upon, just as the first shot was fired.

There was very little to be done after Legarde fell. Both ruffians wilted, and confessed their part in the business, and Nick needed to know no more—or, to put it more correctly, he already knew all the rest.

Half an hour later saw Hogg and the two crooks in charge of the Scotland Yard authorities, and the corpse of Legarde in the morgue.

Patsy had been liberated, and he and Chick then were closeted with Colonel Vance, telling him a story which Nick had readily invented to cover all of the exigencies of the case.

As for Nick, he was seated in the library of the Glendale residence, alone with Lady Glendale, quietly telling her the facts—and that the secret she had feared might be disclosed was, indeed, a dead secret!

It was two o'clock when Nick Carter departed, and there was a look on Lady Glendale's face that repaid him ten times over for the chivalrous work he had done. It was a look he loved to remember.

It was with equal satisfaction, moreover, that he read, a few months later, that Lord Glendale had passed on to the next life—and thus opened the way for a love that was true, and to an unclouded future for her ladyship. One year later, Nick also saw the marriage of Lady Glendale and the Right Honorable Captain Cyril Markham.

THE END.

Next week's issue, No. 76, out February 21st, will contain "A Compact With Dazaar; or, The Devil Worshipers' Den." This story will tell you more of the wicked rites, ceremonies, and practices of the devil worshipers, and of the last desperate effort that the beautiful Dazaar makes to win Nick Carter. This is a vivid, absorbing narrative, of striking interest.

Kit Keen, the Crook Catcher;

Or, THE KING OF THE KIDNAPERS.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Attracted by a girl's screams for help, Kit Keen, a young Chicago detective, discovers two men dragging a girl from a buggy to a house. Keen rushes to her assistance, knocks one of the men unconscious, and in the struggle the other man is shot dead. Declaring that the men were trying to abduct her, the girl asks Keen to take her home as quickly as possible, so that she will not receive the unpleasant notoriety that would be sure to follow. Keen complies with her request.

Deciding there is more back of the affair than the girl, Florence Crandell, whose father is a man of wealth, is willing to tell him, Keen, disguised as a street urchin, gains admittance to the grounds of the house where the girl lives. She does not recognize him, and asks him to carry a note for her.

In the meantime the police have identified the dead man as Saul Bent, a man of bad character. The other man had made good his escape.

CHAPTER VI.

KIT GETS A "POINTER."

It was some time before Florence Crandall joined Kit, and she seemed nervous and her eyes showed that she had been crying.

"There may be an answer, but I don't know, and I hope there is not, but if there should be I want you to bring it to me."

"All right, miss."

"Here is a couple of dollars for you, and remember, you must not tell about this note, for it is a secret."

"Yes, miss; I was born tongue-tied, an' I thanks yer."

"Drop in to see the gardener again in the morning about this hour, for I may have something else for you to do; and, as I belong to the King's Daughters, you may have a mother, or some one else I can be of assistance to."

"Ther King's Daughters is them as runs kids like me into Sunday school and has ther gospil sharps pray with 'em, ain't they, miss?"

Florence Crandall laughed in spite of herself at Kit's idea of the uses of her society, and said:

"Well, yes, and they do much good, too, in helping the poor, and I believe you can help me in my work."

"Oh, I'm a worker from 'way back, miss, when I sets in ter do it," and Kit walked away as brisk as a messenger boy just starting out on an errand with a fee in hand.

After he had turned the corner he glanced at the letter he carried.

He was surprised to see that it was unsealed.

In her nervousness Florence Crandall had left it open.

Then Kit looked at the address.

The name was:

"MR. HARVEY WILBUR,"

and the address was a sparsely settled street running from the lake across to Prairie Avenue.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed. "Here's a graft. Watch me get next to what's in this letter."

Making his way into a lumber yard, Kit found a hiding place, and sat down to read the note.

It was written in a bold, though feminine hand, and the address and date had been left off purposely.

What Kit read was this:

"You won me under false pretenses, for I loved a different man from the one I now know you to be.

"I thanked God you showed the cloven hoof before it was too late for me to save myself. When you saw that my eyes were being opened to your true character, you waited no longer to reveal yourself in your true color. Then I broke with you, glad of my escape, and believed all was ended between us. Then your dastardly plot followed, for, taking advantage of the absence of my parents for a few days, you implored an interview, and, fool that I was, it was granted. I remember the box of drugged candy you urged me to accept. One of them overcame my senses, and I returned to consciousness only to know that you had carried me from my house, that I was in your power, and that you were carrying out the threat you once made that I should one day become your wife by fair means or foul. I was saved by a youth who had the courage to count no odds in helping a woman, and the tool you hired to aid you lost his life, while you escaped. The papers are at fault, the police can find out nothing, and well for you it is thus, or my father would quickly punish your crime toward me. Go your way and remember if you cross my path again, I will betray the secret of Saul Bent's death, which my rescuer has kept hidden, for my sake and his own. Be warned, for no explanation to me can ever atone for your crime of taking me from my home.

"With hatred deeper than the love I once held for you. F. C."

"Jeewillikins!" exclaimed Kit, when he had read this letter.

After this favorite expression of his he read it again.

"Well, women are funny folks, and no mistake.

"I am not old enough to know much about love affairs, but if this letter don't tell two stories, I can't read, for she tells him to git, and then says he can't explain his conduct, and that means: 'If you can, just hustle yourself to get back to see me.'

"I guess I'm on to the deal now, and I've got Mr. Harvey Wilbur down fine, for he is the boss kidnaper, and may have to explain his midnight runaway with his girl to the police.

"Now to have a look at the gent."

With this free-and-easy way of looking at love affairs and things in general, Kit Keen went on his way until he turned into the street where the one he sought dwelt.

There was a large factory upon one block, a paper mill upon the other, and a few residences.

Upon one side of the street were several shops, and in their rear a large, square storage warehouse, completely fenced in.

In front of this warehouse was a three-story brick building, the lower floor of which was used as a real-estate office, the two above apparently as living rooms, for there was a hallway entrance to them.

Over the door was the sign: "Harvey Wilbur & Co., Real-estate Agents."

Through the open door Kit saw the face of Mr. Harvey Wilbur.

It was the face of the kidnaper of Florence Crandall.

CHAPTER VII.

PLAYING TO WIN.

There were two clews by which Kit Keen knew his man.

First he had gotten a fair view of the one upon whose head he had brought down his traveling bag two nights before.

He had seen a tall, well-formed man, with eyeglasses and wearing a frock coat.

Then, too, he had caught a glimpse of a mustache and side whiskers—altogether a very stylish-looking man.

The one he now saw fitted that description.

There was then the second reason for a recognition, and that was the fact that the man, now bareheaded, had strips of adhesive plaster extending from his forehead up into his hair.

"That is my mark," said Kit, and he took in the situation more closely.

It was a pleasant office, well furnished, and a door opened to other rooms in the rear.

There was no other occupant in the room, and he was busy reading the paper, a number lying on the floor about his desk.

"Some doctor has mended his cracked head and he's at his office, scared to death for fear he may be found out. I'll give him a shock.

"Mr. Wilbur!"

Kit blurted out the name in a startling manner and it brought the man to his feet.

The boy noticed that the face of the man had paled suddenly.

"Shine yer boots, Mr. Wilbur?" softly said Kit.

"Hang it, no! I was asleep and you startled me."

"I gits scared same way when I is thinking deep; but lemme shine yer shoes, sir?"

"No, get out!"

"I has a letter fer you, mister—one yer heart aches fer."

He held up the letter.

"If you have a letter for me, why didn't you say so?" he said.

"Yer didn't give me time, an' I wanted to see first that nobody was lookin', for this is important, this is."

"Give it to me."

"Is yer Mr. Wilbur?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Harvey Wilbur?"

"Yes, I told you."

"Excuse me, but I has ter be particular, I does."

"Boy, if you have a letter for me give it to me and I'll reward you."

"I ain't no fool ter give a letter to the wrong feller, when a pretty gal sends it, fer I know my business."

"I rather think you do," and the man forced a laugh.

"Sit down an' I'll shine 'em up while you reads yer letter from yer dovie-dove."

The man muttered an oath, sat down and put out his foot in a resigned way, and Kit handed him the letter.

He had sealed it, however.

He put more blacking on Harvey Wilbur's fancy socks, however, than on his shoes, in his desire to watch the man as he read the letter.

But Wilbur did not seem to know what was going on

about him and read the letter with white face and set teeth.

He read it twice; then a third time.

The last time he seemed to get more consolation out of it than before, and muttered so that Kit heard the words:

"She has dismissed me for good—not much. The game can be played again and to a finish; but not now."

"Yes, boss, I has finished 'em, sir; but you has hurted yer head bad; been held up, I guess."

"No, I stooped down in the dark last night and hit my head on the corner of a table."

"My, but that was bad," and Kit looked the picture of sympathy.

"Where did you get this letter?"

"She gave it to me."

"Who?"

"Miss Florrie."

"You know her, then?"

"In course I does, and she knows me; that's the cause why she trusts me."

"I am sure you can be trusted, as you proved that before giving the letter to me. Can you take one to her?"

"Kin I? You see me, don't yer?"

"Yes, you are plainly in sight and hearing as well."

"Then you sees ther kid as kin take a letter to yer sweetness."

"Give it into her hands only, and, when you bring me an answer, I will give you five dollars."

"S'pose she fergits ter write?"

"But she will write."

"S'pose she sends it by mail?"

"But she will not."

"I'll take the letter."

Wilbur at once turned to his desk and began to write, while Kit Keen began to take a very close scrutiny of the premises.

At last, as he saw Wilbur take up an envelope, he approached him, and the moment the letter was given him he darted away with it:

"I'll see yer later."

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

The haste of the boy sleuth in leaving the office of Harvey Wilbur was for one purpose—to get that letter open before the envelope dried perfectly.

He had his knife open in his pocket, and the back of the blade was put to work as he walked rapidly along.

He was successful in opening the envelope without tearing it, and he held it open until he came to the lumber pile where he had read the letter from Florence Crandall.

He took his same seat in a good hiding place, and said:

"Now to see what he says."

He read the letter very carefully and it was as follows:

"A beggar at the gate of mercy asks you to forgive. It was madness, for my love for you is a madness, that drives me to crime, and it was criminal in me to attempt to force you into a secret marriage with me. I failed, and I thank God, now that reason has come back to me, that I did, for you are free and I am in despair, for I have lost your respect, if not your love, I know all my guilt; that I am the cause of a life having been taken, and, even more to me, your unhappiness. The police have not discovered our secret—yours and mine—for the one who aided me is dead. Who was your rescuer I know not, and, doubtless, for reasons of his own, he is keeping hidden, for he certainly has not told his story to the police. If you know, please tell me, so I can guard, at least, my safety, as I feel, for the sake of the love you once held for me, you do not care to see me in prison. Perhaps, for your sake, he is keeping the secret and not for himself. He has certainly left his mark on me in the blow he gave me, for I'll bear the scar to my grave. I ask you to write me one line, to say to me that you will not tell your parents, or make this terrible thing public, and that you will forgive me, even though you cast me off forever. What will you do?

"Answer by the boy, for he is a bright fellow and faithful, I feel sure, or you would not have trusted him. Ever yours only,

H. W."

"Now, if I am any judge, that is a very neat letter for a villain to write. It's the letter, too, that will ruin that girl again—if I don't open her eyes; and that is what I intend to do. Now I'll seal it and take it to her, and if I've done wrong in reading it, I'm pretty sure it will all come out right in the wash, as they say.

"Now——"

The word ended in an exclamation, for a blow dealt at him with a heavy stick struck a plank above him, glanced and fell upon his shoeblack's box, hung on his shoulder, and smashed it to kindling wood.

As it was, the force of the blow toppled Kit over on his back.

"Give me that money yer hes stole an' is countin' here, or I'll knife yer, young feller!"

This was not pleasant for Kit to hear.

That the man who made the threat meant it, Kit saw at a glance.

He never had seen a worse face that he remembered.

But he did not take time to size the man up.

He knew that he had been seen to enter the lumber pile, and, it was supposed, to count over money he had stolen.

A man with such a face could not feel, if he had been counting his money, that he had gotten it in any way save by theft.

Kit saw in the man a tramp of the vilest kind, and supposed the lumber pile was his hiding place.

There was no one within call of his voice.

Kit had to take care of himself or suffer the consequence.

He thought of the letter he had, with the address on it, and the harm its possession by the man might assume.

All his past life came to his mind on the instant, and he remembered a former occasion, when he had been nearly killed while shadowing a man in a gambling joint. He had gone into a gambling den, disguised as a young sport, and, with his coat thrown one side, appeared to be deeply engaged in the game. On that occasion he had been assaulted by one of the habitués with a deal box, with the intent of robbery, and his faithful dog, Satan, had nearly killed the man who assaulted him.

The remembrance of this now flashed through Kit's mind, together with other thoughts.

Only a second of time really had gone by, but the boy was nerved to action.

His heart did not quail, and he was ready for what might come when he said:

"You'll knife me—nit."

"Give me yer money, then, or I'll knife yer," and the man drew a long, ugly-looking knife to add force to his threat.

Kit did not need this to prove what the man's intention was, as, had the blow he had dealt not been warded off, it would have crushed his skull like an egg.

The man wanted money, and he would kill to get it.

This Kit Keen realized.

He had no money to be robbed of and he had no life to give at the demand of an assassin.

He lay back upon the lumber and watched his enemy.

The tramp had made known his wish; also his intention if it was not yielded to.

A life to him was nothing so long as it was not his own.

Money to him was everything.

So he determined to take what was not given up, for he was fully convinced that Kit had been counting ill-gotten gains.

He therefore sprang forward, his ugly knife uplifted.

It was descending in a hand that would drive it to the hilt, when the young detective acted, and with that cat-like quickness natural to him.

There was a sharp report and the knife dropped from a dead man's hand, while the body fell heavily forward upon the boy, the hideous face, with its still, staring eyes, resting upon Kit's shoulder.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOY SLEUTH SENDS A TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

Kit Keen was fairly frightened.

All had come upon him so suddenly.

In a moment his own life had been in danger, and to save it he had taken that of another.

He shook off the body of the man, and it fell with a dull thud in a heap between the piles of boards.

Kit then rallied quickly.

If the pistol shot was heard and help came what excuse could he offer to clear himself?

If searched, Harvey Wilbur's letter would be found upon him.

He must not be caught there, and so he dropped down between the piles of lumber, found that he could force himself through a narrow space to an opening beyond, and he did.

He was not a moment too soon, for running feet and voices were heard.

The shot had given the alarm, and men ran to the spot whence the sound had come.

Kit reached the opening at the other side of the lumber pile just as the cries told him that the dead body of the tramp had been found.

No one saw him drop down into the street outside of the lumber yard, and, cool as an icicle now, he walked along to the driveway he had first turned into, and was soon with the crowd of workmen, hastening to the spot where lay the dead tramp.

As a detective, Kit felt it his duty to get what outside information he could of the killing, and keep still about what he could tell.

"A poor devil has kilt hisself in the lumber pile," said one.

"Guess he were starvin'," said another.

"A mon, afther havin' a Jojo face on 'im loike thet, is no loss."

"He's done blowed his brains out."

"No, he got it in the neck, don't yez see?"

"Don't tech him, for the cowroner has got to sit on him."

"Divil a bit cares I to be afther toochin' the loikes o' that."

So the comments ran until a police officer arrived, clubbed his way through the crowd, and dragged the body out into open space.

Another police officer then searched the lumber and found the tramp's knife.

Kit also saw the officers search the body and discover a couple of gold watches, a pocketbook, and some bills.

"It was not because he was hungry, but a regular crook, that made him jump me," murmured Kit, and he turned and walked away, no one present suspecting that a street arab, as the boy appeared to be, could tell the whole story of how the man died.

"It's hard that I've got to be always mixed up in a killing," he muttered, as he walked along, for he felt it deeply.

"'Another mysterious murder,' the papers will have it to-morrow, and the police will be roasted for not doing their duty, while, if an officer had been there, they'd have said he was taking a nap in the lumber pile.

"Now, I've got to report this to the chief, that's certain; but, if I don't slow down on the killing pace I've struck the two days I've been in Chicago, I'll have to rent a graveyard to put my dead in.

"I did not kill Saul Bent, though I suppose I was the cause of the pistol going off in the scuffle.

"Well, I want no more of it, or I'll be hanged yet right here in Chicago."

Musing thus, Kit hurried on, for the sun was setting, and he was not long in reaching the vicinity of the Crandall home.

Florence Crandall was on hand to meet him, for she had seen him coming, and met him.

"You saw him?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, miss, I seen him."

"And—how was he looking?"

"His face looked as tho' he'd been in a mill with Terry McGovern, fer in course you knows he is ther champin of——"

"Was he hurt?"

"Well, he were banged up fer keeps, miss, about ther head; but he were in his office, an' I give him a shine, an' he give me this fer you."

Florence Crandall grasped the letter, quickly hid it, handed Kit a dollar, and was turning away, when the boy said:

"I'm on hand like a thumb, miss, when yer wants me."

"Come to-morrow about this time," and she was off to read her letter, while Kit hastened to the nearest drug store to find a telephone.

The clerk was surprised at the remark:

"I wants ter use yer telly, ter call up my best girl."

"You look it, don't you?" sneered the young clerk.

"Well, that's what I'm here fer, so don't git fresh, Sassafras."

"Show me the price."

"Just chop it off of that," and Kit handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Where did you get this, young fellow?"

"Just like you gets your extra tin—knocked it down from my boss, young Eggflip. Come, hand out the change while I looks up the number."

The clerk watched him take the telephone book, run his eyes down the column, anxious to see him ring up.

This he did, calling out in an affected tone:

"Hello! hello! Is thet you, Miss Gertrood? What did you say?—thet's not yer name? Excuse me, I thinked it was; but give me number five—one—five—Randolph. Yes, the chief detective's office."

The "hello girl" evidently had some comment to make at the other end of the wire, for Kit smiled, while the drug clerk stared and quickly changed the five-dollar bill, as though he thought the call might refer to him.

"Is yer the detective chief?" asked Kit, after a moment's delay.

The answer appeared to satisfy the young sleuth, for he said:

"This is me, and Mr. Keen told me ter tell yer he'd be at yer office at ten o'clock—yer understand—Mr. Keen, and he says it's important."

Kit got a satisfactory answer, and turned to the clerk with the remark:

"Now I'll take my change and a cake of soap."

"You don't look as though you ever used soap."

"Yes, I does—I washes my puppy with it—it's good fer pups—try some," and Kit winked one eye, picked out the soap he wished, and went out of the drug store singing:

"Oh, mamma, buy me that."

The drug clerk knew what it was he wanted bought for him, and a pretty girl in the store seemed to know also, for she laughed.

CHAPTER X.

SATAN ON GUARD.

Satan met his master at the door of his cottage, having recognized his footstep, and a blind man could have seen the deep affection that existed between the boy and his dog.

"We'll have supper, Satan, and then I've got to go, but I won't stay long, I hope," said Kit, talking to the dog, as he always did, while the intelligent animal listened, his head cocked on one side, as though he understood every word said to him.

"There is more trouble, more killing, Satan, and I'm in it again, red-handed.

"If you had been along it would not have happened, for Weary Willies are as afraid of a dog as they are of water, and if that hobo had seen you, he'd been running yet; but it is no joke, for I had to kill him."

Satan growled to show his appreciation of Kit's act, and to express, as well as he could, that he had done the right thing.

But there was a glare in his eyes that showed how much he would like to have been there to sample the hobo.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of that death scene there in the lumber pile that took away Kit's appetite, for he hardly tasted the supper he had cooked, and Satan got it all.

Satan also did his share of housework by licking the dishes clean before they were washed, and standing near as though he expected Kit to wipe them by using his shaggy hide as a towel.

Soon after the young ferret left his cottage, peered about him cautiously, and saw from a distant electric light the shadow of a man standing close against a large tree, by which he would have to pass.

He stepped back, quietly opening the door and whispered a call for Satan.

"Don't hurt him, Satan, but catch him—yonder, see!"

The dog did see and bounded away just as the man started to run.

Not a bark, or growl came from the dog as he drew close to the flying man, and, with a bound, was upon his shoulders.

Down went the man hard, and Satan stood across him now, growling, as a warning not to move.

The fellow was so badly frightened that he could not just then have gotten up.

"I want you—get up and come with me," said Kit quietly.

"I ain't done nothin'," said the man, in a trembling voice.

"No, you didn't get the chance; but this is the second time you have been here, and I want to get better acquainted with you."

"Let him get up, Satan."

The man did get up, but with an effort, and Kit took a revolver from the man's pocket and led the way to the cottage.

"Now I'll leave Satan to look after you until I get back; but if you attempt any monkey business with that dog, you will be a dead man sure."

"You ain't goin' ter leave me here with that dog?" cried the man, in terrible fright.

"Yes, for he won't hurt you if you sit in that chair; but don't try to leave it—that's all. Lie down there, Satan, and keep him from being lonesome."

The dog lay down just in front of the man and fixed his eyes upon him.

Kit took a good look at the man and seemed to make him out, for he said:

"A crook from head to heels. I must know more about you."

Again the man begged not to be left in the room with the dog, but Kit said firmly:

"That dog will not move until I get back—unless you try to get away."

With this the young ferret left the cottage, hastened to the Hyde Park station, and caught an express down to the city to keep his engagement with the chief.

The chief was in his office when Kit entered, still in his disguise as a street gamin.

"Well, sonny, what brings you here?"

"You don't know Kit, then, sir?"

"Holy smoke! it's my young sleuth! No, Kit, I did not know you at first, with that street arab's dress suit on, that red wig and your freckles—you are certainly a hard-looking citizen."

"I'm getting to be, sir, for I've killed a man," and Kit sighed.

The chief sprang to his feet.

"Has no report been made to you, of a man found dead late this afternoon?"

"Yes, a hobo in an uptown lumber yard, shot through

the heart, by his own hand, it was supposed, for he was not robbed and had money and jewelry, no doubt stolen."

"I shot him, sir."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir, for the police found no pistol there, so how could he shoot himself?"

"I give it up; but how was it, Kit? for the men reported him a tramp of the most vicious kind."

"I will tell you the story from the start, sir, only this is my case, you said, so no one comes into it, or knows any secret, until I ask for aid."

"All right, Kit; it's a dead secret between us."

"I telephoned you it was important, and——"

"I knew that it was you at the phone, not wishing to be known; but you have made a find?"

"Yes, sir," and Kit told his story from his meeting Florence Crandall to the attack on him by the tramp, his return home, and Satan's capture of a prisoner.

"Kit, my boy, you are the boss of the force as a ferret, and you have done well; but this killing of the tramp must not be told as it was, and now you must hurry back home before that dog of yours eats up the man you have there, and we have another secret to hide. By Jove! we will take a carriage, and I will go with you, for I am off for the night and I wish to have a look at Satan's prisoner—if he has not eaten him up. Had you fed him?"

"Ah, yes, sir, Satan had his supper and mine, too," laughed Kit; and the two men were on their way to the home of the young sleuth, the chief extremely anxious about Satan and his prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KING OF CROOKS.

The detective chief's home was well out toward Hyde Park, and going in a carriage with Kit Keen, as he was known himself in the public eye, he did not care to be seen with the young detective, either in disguise or not.

He wished to have Kit free from all suspicion that he was in any way connected with the secret-service force, thus aiding him in his work.

But, after the story Kit had told him of his deadly encounter with the tramp, the chief had decided to protect the young sleuth all in his power, and had gone to his desk and taken something from it before leaving his office.

As they drove along, the chief said:

"Kit, you are proving yourself so capable of doing a man's work, you have such good judgment and nerve when needed, I wish to protect you all in my power.

"In the first place, I desire to have you know by sight many of my men, and yet not have them know you.

"On Saturday there is to be a meeting at headquarters, and many of the men will be there, and I want you also; but you are to be in another room, at a secret window, where you can see, study faces, and not be yourself seen.

"The hour will be ten, and you come before, and I will place you.

"To further protect you, and enable you to call upon any of the corps when necessary, and have them answer promptly, here are two badges I wish you to wear.

"One is a silver badge of membership of our corps, and gives you admittance anywhere.

"The other is a gold badge, bearing the emblem of the superintendent of police, the chief of detectives, and the chief of the United States Secret Service, and in the center the word—Obey.

"Pin them on, the first under your coat collar, and the other on the inside of your vest, and let me tell you that the latter is worn by but very few of my men—William Lampton, Perry Pierson, William Danvers, and Dave Keefe being among the few."

Kit felt as proud as a peacock at this great trust in him shown by the detective chief, and pinned the badges on with delight showing in every feature.

He asked many questions as to duty, the exact power and uses of the badges, and many more that the chief was glad to have him fully understand.

At last the carriage drew up where Kit had told the driver to stop—before the large flat house around the corner from his home, and where it would attract no attention.

This precaution of Kit's the chief noted, especially as the young detective said:

"The driver need not know where I live, sir."

Telling the driver to go and get a cigar and drink with the quarter he gave him, and then return and wait, the chief and Kit waited until he drove off, and then went around to the cottage.

"Kit!"

"Yes, sir."

"I have not forgotten the terrible sight I saw here the night your dog killed Dick Crouch, the counterfeiter crook. It haunts me yet."

"You'll find my prisoner, all right, sir, unless he has tried to get away."

"And if so?"

"He'll be there yet—but dead," was the grim reply of the young sleuth.

Kit opened the outer, then the inner door with his pass-keys, but Satan was not there to meet him.

"Where is the dog?" asked the chief anxiously.

"On guard, sir, or he would have met me at the door."

They passed into the hall, and there saw the prisoner, white as a ghost, still in the chair, with Satan lying at his feet, just as Kit had left him.

"My God! young fellow, is it you? It seems you have been gone for weeks, for never did I suffer such torture," and the prisoner no longer spoke in the dialect of the tough characters.

He was utterly colorless, and his face had a drawn expression that revealed how he had suffered.

The chief stood in the shadow of the hall and the man did not see him; but he saw the man's face and knew him.

Kit stepped over to the table and laid his revolver there.

It was a large caliber, self-cocking, five-shooter, the same with which the boy had killed the tramp that afternoon.

The man glanced quickly at the weapon, and, as Satan had been relieved from duty and had gone out into the hall to interview the chief, the moment the young sleuth also turned to follow him the man grasped the weapon, leveled it full at Kit's back, and pulled the trigger.

But though he pulled the trigger rapidly, once, twice, and up to five times, there was only the click of steel meeting steel—there was no report.

Kit turned quickly and laughed, while the chief had drawn his weapon to fire.

But Kit stood between him and his intended human target and he dared not fire.

The young sleuth seemed to have known as much, for he called out:

"Don't shoot, chief! My gun is not loaded."

The prisoner uttered a groan and sank down in his chair, the weapon falling from his hand.

He now saw the chief, and, worse still, Satan came back toward him, with teeth glistening like steel guns on the broadside of a battleship.

"Stop, Satan!"

The order came none too soon, for the dog's hot breath was almost in the man's face.

He had heard the clicking of the revolver, had seen the man standing up and felt that it was time for action.

"It is all right, sir, for he just did what I expected, for I threw the cartridges out of my gun and placed it there in reach, while I called Satan away.

"He thought he held trumps and played a quick and desperate game to drop me with a shot in the back, then kill Satan, and have things all his own way. He didn't know you were hiding in the hall."

"Well, Kit, he played his cards and lost the game, and more, I know him and his record," said the chief, and he added:

"You have caught the King of Crooks."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFLOAT UPON THE ICE.

By G. B. CHAPIN.

The members of the —— Club were assembled at their clubroom, one evening lately, when the skating carnival was at its height, and the discourse very naturally ran upon incidents connected with the favorite pastime. One of the members thus spoke:

"I have heard that Howland here had a narrow escape some time last winter, when skating upon the St. Lawrence. I propose that we have an account of it, if he does not object."

"Yes, let us hear it, by all means," echoed the rest.

The one thus addressed—a fine, active-looking person, of not more than five and twenty years of age—laid aside the paper that he had been perusing, and replied:

"I did have rather a narrow escape, and for a while thought that I was taking my last skate, and I assure you that my apprehensions were fully shared by the young lady who was with me."

"A lady!" echoed the one that had first spoken. "Then you would have entered paradise accompanied by an angel! But proceed with your story."

"It was one day last January," resumed Howland, "when the ice of the St. Lawrence was as bright as crystal and as smooth as ivory, that, in company with Jennie Way, who had left her city home to make us a short visit, I went out skating.

"The ice was at least a foot in thickness, but a strong wind had, a few days previously, opened a channel in the center of the river, in which considerable loose ice was floating. Jennie's experience in skating had been limited to the parks of the cities, and as she was an accomplished skater, she was delighted with the appearance of the broad field spread out before us.

"I had always thought Jennie to be a very pretty girl, and had become quite captivated by her charms, but she never appeared half as lovely to me as upon this occasion, and as we went boldly forward, or circled or whirled in the most graceful manner, you may depend that I enjoyed the sport very highly.

"The river is about two miles in width where we were, and there were a large number of skaters upon it, but we were soon at a considerable distance from any of them, and struck out boldly for the center of the river. We did not stop until we were within a few rods of the open water, knowing as we did the thickness of the ice.

We here rested a while—rather longer than we supposed, for we carried on a very lively and animated conversation, when Jennie suddenly remarked:

"'We are down the river farther than we were when we stopped. We were then opposite that windmill,' pointing to the opposite shore.

"This caused me to take a view of the situation, and I was not long in making a discovery. We were afloat. The current had carried away the ice upon which we were standing. As it was a large piece, at least one-eighth of a mile in extent, I felt no very great apprehension in regard to our safety, thinking that it would soon float against the main body so that we could get off, and have it to remember only as a pleasant little adventure. My expectations were not fulfilled, and in half an hour we had reached the open river, where the rapidity of the current had prevented the formation of ice, and now the fearful truth burst upon me.

"We were going toward the Gallop Rapids at the rate of eight miles an hour.

"Jennie must have noticed the expression of my countenance, for she clung to me and urged me to tell her the worst. I told her to keep up her courage and hope for the best. I determined to make an effort to attract the attention of some person upon the shore. Taking off my coat, I waved it and hallooed, but my voice seemed drowned in the surging of the waves, and the wind, now blowing up quite briskly, drove the water over the ice, rendering it difficult to keep our feet. In vain I skated around the edges, and endeavored to attract attention. But I was unnoticed, and we kept floating onward. At length I returned to where she was standing, and thus addressed her:

"'Jennie, prepare yourself for the worst. Unless some special intervention of Providence shall save us, we shall be dashed to pieces in the rapids, in the course of half an hour!'

"She bore the intelligence much better than I had expected, being very pale and hardly able to stand without support. She leaned upon me, but I felt stronger when supporting her than when standing alone. I saw no possible chance of escape, and expected to be in eternity in a very short time.

"It was then that I realized how much I loved her, and felt that I could not die without telling her of it.

"'Jennie,' spoke I, 'we will soon be at the rapids, but we will die together. I cannot die without telling you how dear you are to me. How quickly would I sacrifice my life to save yours, but that is denied me. If we were spared I would offer you the homage of a lifetime. Will you now accept it for all eternity?'

"A faint flush spread over her cheek as I ceased speaking, and a look from her sparkling eyes, and a firmer

pressure of her hand, as she clung closer to me, was her only answer.

"For a few moments we were both silent. I noticed that her tears were flowing, and felt that her last moments were too precious for me to interrupt her.

"We had already passed several of the islands that stud the river for a couple of miles above the rapids, and our rate of speed was greatly increasing, when I noticed, upon an island almost opposite to us, a fisherman's hut, with a couple of men engaged at work in front of it.

"My spirits at once rose. There seemed to be a chance of escape opened, if I could only attract their attention. Speaking a few words of hope and encouragement to Jennie, I proceeded to the edge of the ice nearest the island, and used my utmost endeavors to attract their attention.

"At first my efforts were in vain; but at length I succeeded, and had the satisfaction of seeing a boat, manned by a couple of experienced oarsmen, put out toward us. At this moment, when it seemed as though we would soon be safe, a cry from Jennie caused me to look around. I was startled by the new aspect of affairs.

"The ice, owing to the action of the waves, and my weight upon the edge of it, had parted, and we were upon separate pieces! Jennie had sunk down upon the ice, and was looking despairingly toward me.

"My brain reeled, as the pieces of ice were caught in eddies and went off in opposite directions, passing in the channels between the islands; but it was with the greatest delight that I saw the boatmen row after her, and leave me to my fate, and when, after passing on about a mile farther, I saw that she was rescued and safe in the boat, my feelings overcame me, and I fell upon my knees and returned thanks to God for having preserved her. I knew that the boatmen would not follow me, for I was now dashing on rapidly, and already plainly heard the roar of the rapids.

"The principal events of my life passed quickly in review before me, and my memory was very active; but the sweetest remembrance of my life was a part of the scene enacted during the last hour, when Jennie confessed that she loved me.

"It was hard thus to die, but I tried to become as reconciled as possible to my fate. Then I thought of the surprise and sorrow of my friends when they should learn of the affair, and even of the announcement of my death in the papers, and thought what an excellent item it would furnish for the local and country editors to 'work up.'

"The last hope had fled, and I was calculating the moments that would elapse before the ice would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks, when, looking up, I saw a light canoe, propelled by a couple of skillful voyagers, coming rapidly after me; but although it fairly seemed as though it skipped over the waves, it hardly appeared to go much faster than did my cake of ice. The water dashed over it, and I was wet and almost insensible.

"The pursuing craft reached me just at the edge of the rapids, and I saw that it was a light birch bark one, and that my rescuers were a couple of Canadian Indians. It was drawn out upon the ice, when I was placed in the bottom of it, and told to lie perfectly still. Then launching it, they seized their paddles, and devoted their energies to the management of their frail craft.

"It was impossible to proceed back, so over the rapids we went. No craft other than like the one we were in, or guided by less experienced persons, would ever have passed over, except in fragments. Now running within a few inches of a rock—now circling around the outer edge of an eddy, then skipping over the boiling waters and plunging down a waterfall. A motion of mine, or a false stroke of theirs would have capsized us, and sent us into eternity in an instant. But we were safe, and were soon landed upon the shore below.

"I rewarded my rescuers well for snatching me from the jaws of death. They did not appear to think that they had performed a very great feat, and were more than satisfied. I soon joined Jennie, who had been well taken care of, and soon recovered from the effects of her ride. She shortly returned to New York; but not until we had made arrangements to be joined in wedlock in the spring, and we most sincerely hope that our voyage down the river of life may be more pleasant than was our excursion down the St. Lawrence."

STAGE MONEY.

Stage money—that is, money of no value off the stage—is first said to have been used by David Garrick in the eighteenth century. The money is said to have been made by the wealthy actor manager so as to look actually like real money. There was little money, even of this counterfeit kind, used in the days of Shakespeare, because of the scarcity of any kind of money, particularly among actors.

THE TWO "DARK DAYS."

There are two "dark days" mentioned in the annals of New England. The first occurred on October 21, 1716, when it suddenly became so dark soon after noon that the people were forced to use artificial lights to do their ordinary work. This strange condition of the atmosphere lasted about three and a half hours. Again, on May 19, 1780, there was a remarkable darkening of the atmosphere, but the phenomenon did not come on so suddenly as that upon the earlier date. The darkness in this latter instance began between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the day named, and lasted throughout the day. The darkness extended from the northeastern part of New England westward as far as Albany and southward to Pennsylvania. The most intense and prolonged darkness, however, was confined to Massachusetts, more especially to the seaboard. It is said to have come from the southwest, but there is no mention of it made in the history of Ohio or the Virginias. The exact cause still remains one of the unexplained mysteries.

SULPHUR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In the Philippines, as in Japan, sulphur is found in connection with extinct or dying volcanoes. In places one encounters small cones of nearly pure sulphur built up around vents from which have issued and in some cases still issue sulphurous gases. Sulphur is also found permeating the volcanic rocks in the neighborhood of these vents. It is quite possible that boring in and about volcanic regions in the Philippines will disclose important quantities of sulphur-permeated rock. When the sulphur content is not less than 8 or 10 per cent, such material can be worked profitably where labor and transportation conditions are favorable.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Shows How to Hunt Rabbits With Bells.

Edward van Riper, a New Jersey farmer, has originated a scheme for hunting rabbits that is winning approval and dollars for him from some wealthy New Yorkers who hunt in the neighborhood. A number of fine hunting lodges are maintained in that section, but while game has been reported plentiful in all other rural sections of New Jersey, these men have had little or no luck, particularly with rabbits.

Recently three nimrods, togged out in the best hunting suits that money could buy, and with three fine beagle hounds at their heels, walked across the Van Riper meadows toward the corn crib in which the farmer was doing some work. The meadow is part of hundreds of acres leased for shooting by a New York club.

"Any luck this morning, boys?" inquired the farmer.

"No," replied one of the party. "We've hunted since daylight, and haven't seen a rabbit."

"That's funny," said Van Riper. "There's a bunch of rabbits in that meadow, but they're laying close. You wait a minute and I'll stir some up for you, and I won't need a dog, either!"

Calling a farm hand, Van Riper got a long rope and strung cowbells and sleigh bells along its length.

"Now, you boys follow me, and we'll get some rabbits," remarked Van Riper, and led the way into the meadow. Van Riper took one end of the rope and the farm hand the other, and they shook it as they went along, making the bells jingle loudly. Here and there cottontails jumped up from their beds of matted grass, and the guns of the nimrods were kept busy. Inside of fifteen minutes sixteen rabbits were bagged. The hunters gave $2 each to Van Riper and his helper, and went away happy.

Bullet Just Misses Joker.

A practical joke almost ended fatally for the joker, at Pittsburgh, Pa., recently. James Cunningham, a wagon contractor, bought a large turkey. The turkey was gone next morning.

He told Louis Trax, a wagon manufacturer, of the loss and Trax joked with him about the theft. Trax bought a turkey, and it was stolen the following morning.

Trax, believing Cunningham had taken the turkey, decided to "resteal" the bird, and went to Cunningham's home in a suburb. He was prowling about the house when Cunningham appeared with a revolver.

The latter imagined he saw a "burglar," and fired, the bullet passing through the arm of Trax's coat, but not injuring him. Trax ran into a barn, where he was imprisoned until daylight while Cunningham, not recognizing his friend, stood guard. Daylight brought recognition and explanations.

Eskimos Are Cutting Cost of Living.

How the natives of Alaska are fighting the high cost of living through the establishment of coöperative stores, getting more for their products and reducing the food cost, is described in a report of the United States bureau of education.

Eskimos on the shore of Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean until recently had to market their skins through local traders. Now, however, through the coöperation of the United States bureau of education many Eskimos are sending packages of fox, lynx, mink, and hair seal to the bureau, at Seattle, by mail, and government officials there sell the furs to the highest bidders at public auction.

"The coöperative attempts have been a decided success," says the bureau's report. "At Hydaburg, in southeastern Alaska, where the United States school-teacher has general oversight of the coöperative stores, the natives were able, after twelve months of business, to declare a cash dividend of fifty per cent and still have funds available for the erection of a large store building.

"Natives in Tatitlek coöperated in salting and exporting salmon during the last season, under the instruction of the local government teacher, with the result that they have not only netted one thousand dollars cash, but put away seventy-six thousand pounds of smoked salmon for winter use."

Two Villages Are Terrorized.

A drink-crazed man, armed with a repeating rifle, went "gunning" recently for the village marshal and his deputy, representing the entire police force of Brookfield, near Chicago. Before he was captured by a hurriedly organized posse he had shot two persons and terrorized the residents of two villages.

His two victims were Charles Nortier, a Brookfield grocer, who was shot through the right leg, and John la Bash, a section hand employed by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Congress Park, who was wounded in the left thigh.

Frank Roberts, 22 years old, a painter, living at Brookfield, was the young man who did the shooting. He was struck by two bullets from the rifle of Arthur J. Scheibe, deputy marshal. One of the bullets clipped three fingers from the young man's "gun" hand, while the second struck him in the right leg. He was brought to the Cook County Hospital for treatment. Nortier and La Bash were brought to St. Anthony's Hospital. They will recover.

More than thirty shots were exchanged, and Roberts was hit twice before he finally threw up his hands in surrender. Immediately after his arrest Roberts and his two victims were hurried by train to Chicago.

Marshal Scheibe said that three weeks ago he arrested Roberts, and at that time the youth threatened to "get even."

Hunter and Bear Roll into Creek.

John Kroh, the most experienced hunter of bears in central Pennsylvania, has had an experience that he will not soon forget. Kroh was hunting on the side of a mountain in Lycoming County. At the base of the mountain is a creek.

Some other hunters in the vicinity had wounded a bear, which got away from them. Kroh came upon the animal's tracks and took up the trail. About 200 yards up the mountainside he encountered the bear. He had run out of ammunition, and, thinking that the bear was too weak from its wound to put up a fight, he reached for his knife, with

the intention of cutting its throat. The bear suddenly attacked him, before he could get the knife out, and they grabbed each other like wrestlers. Down the mountainside they rolled, and landed in the creek together.

Grasping the bear by the head, Kroh ducked it under the water, calling for help at the top of his voice. The bear refused to be drowned, and Kroh was just about played out when two hunters came. One of them killed the bear with a rifle shot.

"There would have been a different story to tell if my yells had not been heard," said Kroh.

Boys Dig Thirty Snakes from Hole.

J. L. Woodward, a farmer, living near Clarendon, Texas, vouches for the absolute truthfulness of a snake story that borders closely on the unbelievable. While Woodward's sons and another lad were hunting rabbits they chased one into a prairie-dog hole near the home of W. H. Peters.

Using the forked-stick method of extracting rabbits from holes, they brought the animal forth, but with it came a rattlesnake. This reptile they had no more than killed until another one gave evidence of his presence. This one also was killed, and the boys left the spot.

Next day they returned for further explorations. From that hole they took seventeen rattlesnakes, eight coachwhips, five bullsnakes, and one water dog.

"The rattlers," said Woodward, "varied in size from nine inches in length, with a button attached, to five feet long, as big as a man's arm, with nine rattles and a button. Some of the other snakes were more than six feet long, and large accordingly."

It has been said that no other reptile will hibernate with a rattlesnake, but this theory has been disproved by this remarkable discovery. It is also disproved that a bullsnake will kill rattlers.

"Rabbit chasers hereafter should be prepared for something warmer than a rabbit reception when they start to chase a bunny out of a prairie-dog hole," says Woodward.

Finds $120,000; Gets Kisses.

Thomas H. Curtin, passenger director at the Pennsylvania Station, in New York, recently found a bag containing a jewel case in the woman's waiting room. A woman weeping and screaming ran back from the train platform a few minutes later, and said she had lost a jewel case containing twenty $1,000 bills and jewels worth $100,000.

After satisfying himself she was the rightful owner of the case he had found, Curtin restored it to her. The woman threw her arms about his neck, kissed him repeatedly, and then ran for the Chicago train. Curtin said the kisses were sufficient reward.

Man Fights Coon With Sticks.

A fight with a coon which imperiled the life of J. L. Radford, a farmer, took place three miles south of Paris, Tenn. Radford was painfully hurt.

While walking around his farm, Radford passed through a strip of woods. He noticed a hollow in a tree, and climbed to examine it. He found it inhabited by an immense coon. He descended, and with his penknife sharpened two sticks and reascended the tree. His perch was a perilous one, and he was forced to cling on with one hand. He struck the coon with one of the sticks, and the animal at once returned the attack, fighting viciously. Radford was unable to descend. He finally barred the hole, and, holding the sticks across the opening with his teeth and one hand he opened his penknife to use as a weapon. The coon badly tore Radford's hand, but he finally succeeded in killing the animal.

Flying War Boat to Carry Six Men.

Glenn Curtiss has nearly completed the plans for a giant flying boat for war uses. It will carry a wireless outfit, a rapid-fire gun, a crew of at least six men, and will have an effective radius of 200 miles.

Curtiss has not told any one of his plans. He does not tell any one anything, anyhow. Every one knows that Bird-man Wright is silent. By the side of Curtiss, Wright is a gossip. But just before Curtiss sailed on his annual selling tour through the European war departments he made a statement which is most significant in view of the fact that it is fairly well known what problem he is at work on:

"I think I have got it," said Curtiss, smiling. "I can't tell you what it is yet. I have been at work on it for a long time."

Unless those who have been watching Curtiss under a glass for years are wrong, there's only one It where he is concerned. That is a great war machine. He was as quick as the Wrights to see that the exhibition field was petered out in 1911. The Wrights have devoted themselves since then to the perfecting of the passenger-carrying biplane. It was Curtiss who developed the hydro-aëroplane. His latest aquatic bird weighs 1,800 pounds, and will carry two men besides the aviator. Russia, England, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and one or two other European countries have bought it.

"I think the next sea fight will be won in the air," said Curtiss before he sailed, to Stewart I. de Krafft. "The nation whose fliers sweep the air clear of rivals will have a tremendous advantage."

De Krafft was at one time closely associated with Curtiss. He managed the first cross-country flying tour—that of Calbraith Rodgers, who flew from Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., to Pasadena, Cal. In five months five fliers under De Krafft's management were killed and seven machines smashed up. Then his nerves began to twitter, and he retreated to the California mountains for a camping tour. Now he will not so much as look at a flying machine. But he is as deeply interested in the game as ever.

"When the big machine of to-morrow is perfected we will be flying across the Atlantic," said Curtiss. "But that will not be for two years at least."

"Will that machine be a multiplane?" asked De Krafft.

"No," said Curtiss.

He stopped there. De Krafft believes that to-morrow's big machine will be a huge biplane, built on somewhat different lines than those of to-day, perhaps, and with a better engine. The motors of two years ago would be junked to-day, and yet to-day's motors are the weak point in every flying machine.

"Once to-morrow's big machine is perfected," said De Krafft, "war upon the sea will become impossible. Curtiss' flying boat now has a wireless radius of one hundred and twenty-five miles. At a height of one thousand feet the observer on it has an effective range of forty-eight miles. Its flying radius is one hundred and seventy miles. An air squadron of flying boats of that sort would keep the sea-keeping fleet perfectly informed as to the move-

ments of the enemy. As a means of offense against ships they would have bombs. It would be a good gamble—the lives of two or three men against those of a ship's company."

Curtiss believes that both sides in the next great war will be provided with flying fleets. Therefore, he has been at work upon an air warship.

May Find Diamond Field in Alabama.

Much interest has been aroused at Birmingham, Ala., by the discovery of a rarely tinted uncut diamond on the surface of the ground near Cook Springs, in St. Clair County, a few miles from Birmingham. It is the fourth uncut diamond found in that part of the State, and it is believed that in the great coal fields of this State lie deposits of other carbon in its most highly crystallized form.

This diamond is of delicate greenish tint, different from any known field, according to one of the experts who examined it and offered to buy it for his collection of rare stones.

The finding of this diamond brought an official inquiry to a local jeweler from the United States geological survey, asking for all the details as to the exact location of the stone. Strange to say, the diamond has been lying around the home of a St. Clair farmer for eight years. It was brought to the jeweler's attention by J. E. Isbell, the farmer. He found it while he was selecting trees for a lumber concern.

He noticed a sparkle at his feet, but passed on, thinking it was turpentine drip. A second impulse caused him to turn back, and he picked up what he took to be a pretty specimen of ordinary rock crystal and carried it home. He put it on his emery wheel and the stone cut a groove through the adamantine hardness of the emery.

The stone was sent to George F. Kunz, of New York, an expert and owner of a collection of rare stones. Kunz declared it is a very pretty diamond crystal of unusual tint, and asked if it was for sale. The local jeweler purchased it from the farmer, and the two, with two others, drew up a partnership agreement under which financial backing is to be furnished with which to investigate the soil and develop it if conditions warrant such action. One of the uncut diamonds discovered in Alabama is now in the collection of J. P. Morgan.

The stone found in St. Clair County is of remarkable brilliancy, riyaling in beauty the pure white diamonds with polished facets. Its tint is very delicate greenish blue, something like that of an aquamarine. It weighs two and four-tenths carats. Its value is considerably higher than that of a pure white diamond. Efforts will be made to investigate the location and ascertain if it contains a diamond bed.

Leaves $40,000 to Her Dog.

In the event of her dog, Paddy, being alive at her death Mrs. Sarah Eggiestone, of Upper Norwood, England, whose estate was worth $172,205 left $40,000 in trust so that a comfortable home might be found for him. The bulk of the remainder goes to charities.

Small Boy Kills Wild Cat.

Eddie Barber, a twelve-year-old boy, of Lynch, a small hamlet near Sheffield, Pa., proved himself a mighty hunter when he killed the largest wild cat ever seen in that section after the ferocious animal had maimed three splendid hunting dogs. The cat measured five feet from tip to tip, and weighed about fifty-five pounds.

Young Barber was hunting with a rabbit hound and two sturdy coon dogs. When the dogs overhauled the cat a desperate fight began. Despite the lad's efforts to get in a shot, he was unable to do so for fear of killing his dogs. The boy finally put a ball through the cat's heart.

When the big animal rolled over dead the boy found one of his dogs dead and the other two so badly injured that they died a few minutes later.

United States Gets 500-year-old Boy.

A 500-year-old boy has come to New York in a wooden box 10x12x6 inches. The boy was twelve years old when mummified some five centuries ago.

The mummy was found in the mountains of Peru by Thomas G. Taylor, of Montreal, Canada, and was admitted to the country without payment of duty under the clause in the tariff providing for the free entry of antiquities. Taylor said that he thought the mummy was that of an Inca boy. The centuries it had spent within the tomb had failed to dim the luster of its short black hair.

Giving of Life for Girl Fails.

Miss Ethel Smith, for whom Billy Rugh, the crippled newsboy, laid down his life, has suffered a relapse and is at the Gary, Indiana, General Hospital. Miss Smith lost her power of locomotion recently because of the partial failure of the first skin-grafting operation. A new operation was performed.

In August, 1912, Miss Smith was burned about the body. Billy Rugh saved her life when he allowed his twisted leg to be amputated. A short time later he caught cold and died.

Two Rabbits With One Shot.

To shoot two rabbits at one shot is a rare occurrence, but it was done by Warren Peters, of Clausseville, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. A neighbor told him that in driving along he had seen a big bunny sitting in a field. The two went to the place, and Peters fired.

To his surprise he got not only the one he aimed at, but another he did not see, which was sitting in a nest about eight feet away.

Two Blocks of Trees for a City's Christmas.

Four hundred and one Christmas trees, all the gift of residents of Irondale, Mo., were used in the St. Louis municipal holiday celebration. The gift includes one fifty-foot cedar tree and four hundred smaller evergreens.

The large tree stood in the middle of Twelfth Street—the widest in the city—which adjoins the city-hall square, while the smaller trees lined both sides of the street for a length of two blocks. The celebration was under the direction of the public-recreation commission.

Heavy Woman Sits on Thief; Police Save Him.

From under the weight of a three-hundred-pound woman to a police-station cell was great relief for Thomas Kearney, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Not until two policemen arrived would Mrs. Josephine Smith, aged twenty-five, give him relief.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Kearney, himself no midget, as the officers assured his captor that it was safe to let him up and she slowly arose from her sitting posture atop of Kear-

ney's chest. It was several minutes before Kearney could "get his breath," as he explained to the officers, in order to make the trip to the station house.

Mrs. Smith was strolling along Hatfield Street, on her way home, swinging a mesh bag in her hand. Kearney jumped from a doorway, she says, and grabbed at the purse. She jumped on him and sat down.

Hunting-camp Dry Law Asked.

W. R. Oates, State game warden, of Lansing, Mich., has been asked to urge the passage of a State law to prevent hunters from taking whisky into their hunting camps during the deer season. In a letter to the department, a man of forty years' experience in the North Woods writes that most hunting fatalities result from overindulgence in whisky.

Cat Alone on Derelict Ship.

Dismasted and deserted, save for the orthodox black cat of all marine romance, the British ship *Delgonar*, from Callao for Taltal, Chile, was sighted about 1,200 miles west of the coast of Chile by the French bark *Marie*, Captain Moricet, which arrived at San Francisco recently from Liverpool.

The *Delgonar* was a steel ship of 2,665 tons, built at Southampton, England, in 1892, and probably carried as many as thirty men. Two of her small boats were missing, but the others still swung from the davits. The cargo had shifted, and she was lying almost on her beam ends. Her papers were missing, having been taken by her captain. Captain Moricet thinks it unlikely the crew of the *Delgonar* reached land, unless picked up. The derelict appeared to have been caught in a hurricane.

Just "Stowed Away" in Jail.

Thomas Hoskins, of Princeton, Mo., who has been in the county jail at Kansas City, Mo., since October 3, was merely stowed away. This fact developed when Hoskins brought habeas corpus proceedings to get out. It was shown no charge had been lodged against him.

In the testimony before Judge Bird, it developed that Hoskins had been indicted in Mercer County October 3, on a charge of selling liquor without a license. On the day the grand jury returned the indictment J. A. Thompson, sheriff, telegraphed the Kansas City police asking them to hold Hoskins.

"We merely stowed him away," testified Thompson, "because we had no room for him in the Princeton jail."

The habeas corpus writ was granted, but Hoskins was immediately arrested by Sheriff Thompson, and taken to Princeton.

How Do the Ducks Know?

Three years ago the legislature of Maine passed a law prohibiting the shooting of game birds on the flats and shallow waters of the Back Bay, in Portland Harbor. Of course, the birds were not notified of this action, and yet it has become so well known among them that this year acres and acres of the flats are covered with wild ducks, a sight unique even in a State where game is common. One may fire upon them in lower Casco Bay, and a few days' hunting up to within a year or two would serve to scatter them to obscure coves on the coast, there to remain for the season. But now they turn and make directly for the Back Bay, which has become the rendezvous not only for ducks, but for thousands of sheldrake, teal, wild geese, and other sea fowl.

Is this instinct or intelligence; and why should the ducks risk a haven almost under the shadow of the city, when for generations they have blundered among the hunters until finally scattered to distant points? It offers an interesting theme for contemplation, and in this age of friendly consideration for the wild things of air and forest, it almost suggests an understanding of the protection that man is offering to the humbler creatures of the world.

Rooster's Colors Like Chameleon's.

F. E. Kennedy, of Rockdale, Texas, is showing a rooster that has a remarkable facility of changing its color like a chameleon. The rooster is, or was, a brown leghorn, but in the last three weeks its feathers began to turn white, and now it is pure white. Poultry breeders are interested, for a fowl possessing such qualities is rare.

The Cost of Government.

Our national government is the most economically administered of any in the civilized world. The cost per capita in various nations was recently computed to be as follows:

New Zealand	$38.38
Australia	37.60
United Kingdom	21.39
France	17.84
Belgium	17.40
Paraguay	17.30
Austria-Hungary	14.27
Argentina	12.68
Cuba	12.40
Netherlands	11.49
Portugal	11.45
Spain	10.09
Sweden	9.54
German Empire	9.45
Canada	9.30
United States	7.97

Mine Horrors Take Big Toll.

Coal-mine accidents in the United States in October resulted in the death of 449 men, according to report from State mine inspectors to the United States bureau of mines.

This is a considerable increase over October, 1912, when the fatalities were 203, but this year there was one explosion at Dawson, N. M., that resulted fatally to 263 miners.

Not from all States have reports been received. No information has come from California, Georgia, and Oregon, because these States have no inspection service.

During the first ten months of this year the fatalities were 2,292, as compared with 2,008 last year.

Man Has a Ten-inch Heart.

Edward W. Hooker, Connecticut senator and former mayor of Hartford, who recently sailed for Bermuda, has twice been pronounced dead. His heart recently distended itself to ten inches wide, compared with the normal four inches. He attributes his ailments to overexercise, it having been his habit to take long tramps in woods and mountains.

When the dilation occurred first, a year ago, Hooker became unconscious, and was thought to be dead. Twice he

was revived by artificial respiration. He was told by a physician that the wall of his heart was almost as thin as a piece of paper, and the fact that it had not broken was a marvel of good fortune.

"Collecting Bullets in Head."

"I'm keeping a collection of bullets in my head, doctor. Kindly leave that twenty-two-caliber pellet alone," was the protest of John Kramer, a baker, when a Kalamazoo, Mich., surgeon attempted to remove the lead Kramer had fired into his temple in an effort to commit suicide.

Whereupon it was discovered that he had fourteen bird shot beneath his scalp, where he had been carrying them ever since his brother peppered him accidentally when a youngster.

As Kramer seemed to have a fair expectation of life, the doctor left the bullet alone.

County to Teach Farming.

Practical farming under modern methods is to be taught in every school in Muskogee County, Oklahoma. This is the new work outlined by S. L. Jeffords, the newly appointed agricultural expert for Muskogee County, appointed by the State.

Jeffords has succeeded in getting the coöperation of the teachers in both the town and rural school districts, and before the schools open another year will have a uniform course of agriculture mapped out and every teacher instructed just how to teach. This work is to be supplemented by farm demonstration work all over the county.

Wilson Gets Letter With Picture Address.

Of all the thousands of letters that arrive in the White House mail bags, the number being especially large at the Christmas season, the most unusual has come from Wichita, Kan. It has no written address. The sender, however, sketched on the face of the envelope a good likeness of President Wilson, with a tiny drawing of Uncle Sam in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

The clerks of the railway mail service had no difficulty in deciding where it was to go, and sent it to the Washington post office. When it reached there it was sent to the White House. The president smiled when he saw it, but made no comment. Who sent the letter is a mystery.

The directions on the letter read, when the "picture writing" was translated, "Woodrow Wilson, care of Uncle Sam." The postal clerks, who are accustomed to reading handwriting which is far more difficult to decipher, caught the meaning without trouble, and were spared even the detail of referring to a city directory. Letters are constantly received which bear the names of persons and the numbers of streets, but neglect to mention any city or town or even State. Such letters often reach the right persons.

Takes "Mystery-mine" Secret to His Grave.

Charles Henderson, sixty years old, died recently at the home of his son, Albert, near Alton, Ill., carrying to his grave the secret of a coal mine which he is said to have discovered forty years ago. With companions, he drilled for the vein, near what is known as the Coal Branch, and his operations were veiled in secrecy.

Fifteen years ago, residents of Alton, thinking that Henderson never had been able to get funds to develop the mine, and believing that his reticence was due to the fact that others would find and betray his secret, began a search for the coal vein. They drilled, in the presence of the old man, who stood by and laughed at their futile endeavors.

During his later years the old man frequently was seen strolling thoughtfully in the vicinity of his operations of forty years ago.

Mexican Prisoner a Hero.

A Mexican prisoner in the Waco, Texas, jail was the hero of the flood when the Brazos River, in a great rise, swept through the town, drowning a half dozen persons and covering parts of the city with ten feet of water.

A rescue party, venturing out too far on the stream, were caught in the swift current, and their boat was overturned. Two of the men caught hold of a telephone pole. It would have been impossible to have reached them with a boat, and no one was willing to risk death carrying a line to them. A policeman remembered that Lazardo Amador, a powerful swimmer, was locked up in the jail, and the Mexican was immediately brought out. He readily assented to take a line out to the men. He breasted the current after a hard fight, and tied ropes about the men so that they might be pulled ashore.

One was rescued in this manner, but as the second was nearing the bank the rope broke, and he was being swept downstream again when Amador went to his aid, despite his exhausted condition after his swim to the telephone pole, and brought him ashore. He was immediately offered his liberty, but refused to accept it.

Amador spent the rest of the day carrying people to safety, making rescues which others did not dare to attempt. Then he asked to be locked up. The charge against him will be dropped, and he may get a hero medal.

One Ear on Two Cornstalks.

A freak ear of corn, that grew on two different stalks, is on exhibition at Gentry, Mo. The freak was first noticed when it was discovered that the two stalks were joined by a common ear, one end of the ear being fastened to one stalk, the other to the other stalk. It is the property of P. J. Uhlig, living northwest of Gentry.

New Army Head in April.

The term of Major General Wood, who, as chief of staff, holds the highest position in the United States army, will end next April. He will not be reappointed, as the law limits the detail to four years. He was detailed as chief of staff in 1910.

Major General Wood began his army career as an assistant surgeon. He was made lieutenant colonel of the Rough Rider Cavalry, and gained the friendship of Theodore Roosevelt, who rapidly advanced him in the line. Wood has faced the opposition of a number of members of Congress because he has favored the abolition of military posts in many of the congressional districts. Perhaps the most important policy since he has been chief of staff has been the development of the National Guard as an organized auxiliary of the regular army.

"Devil Doctors" Kill Samoans.

To overcome the evil influence of "devil doctors" in Samoa, the commandant of the United States naval station at Tutuila has established clinics for natives. As a result of "devil doctoring," Surgeon General Stokes, of the

navy, in his annual report, has pointed out that many deaths have occurred. The natives have responded to the efforts made to enlighten them in matters of medicine, hygiene, and sanitation. Almost 3,000 were treated last year in the clinics at the Samoa Hospital. A school for the training of Samoan women in nursing also has been established, and a systematic campaign will be waged to drive out the "devil doctors."

Horse Kills Bob Cat.

"Wildhorse Charley" Foreman, a cowboy, noted for his recklessness, will never try to capture another bob cat.

Foreman was riding along on his horse, when he saw a huge bob cat, and succeeded in roping it. The animal climbed the rope, hand over hand, and, clinging to the horse's withers with its front claws, fastened its hind ones in the top of Foreman's boot. His effort to fight the bob cat off were in vain, but the horse, badly frightened, threw his rider, thereby saving the cowboy's life. The horse ran several miles before stopping, dragging the bob cat to death.

Two Pardoned by Governor Dunne.

By granting Christmas pardons, Governor Dunne, of Illinois, completed the last chapter of two of Chicago's most remarkable criminal cases. He has given one pardon to Maurice Enright, a labor leader, convicted of slaying Vincent Altman two years ago, in a fight between two branches of the plumbers' union, and another to Joshua Tedford, superintendent of one of the city's largest retail stores, whose climb in the business world after his conviction for conspiracy to defeat justice nine years ago has attracted country-wide attention to his case.

The pardons were granted upon recommendation of the State board. Investigation tended to show that Enright was convicted on perjured testimony. There was but one witness who testified that he shot Altman. In the case of Tedford, the sentence of the court was never executed. He was convicted while he was a policeman, and he said he was "jobbed."

Warships Battle Big Gale at Sea.

The battleships *Wyoming*, *Arkansas*, *Utah*, and *Florida* have come into New York recently, after a five days' battle with a gale that marked the end of a voyage of 9,000 miles.

The four ships were a part of a fleet that left Hampton Roads on October 25 for the Mediterranean on a pleasure trip for officers and men, and to demonstrate that a squadron of United States battleships can cross the Atlantic and return without having recourse to foreign ports for supplies. There were nine battleships in the fleet, and not an ounce of coal, oil, or provisions was purchased during the voyage.

"No-sleep" Strike Frees Militant.

By adding a "no-sleep strike" to her "hunger-and-thirst strike," Miss Sylvia Pankhurst has forced officials of the Holloway jail to release her. She is reported to be on the verge of a nervous collapse, and she hardly was able to walk unassisted when leaving the jail.

The young militant walked in her cell continuously to fulfill her plans, and all efforts on the part of jail attendants to make her sleep were in vain.

Miss Zelie Emerson, the American suffragette, was brought up at the police court charged with disturbing the peace in the Bow district of the East End of London. The police testified that Miss Emerson had smashed a policeman's helmet with the pole of a banner. The magistrate remanded her for a week on bail.

Rush Building of Our Biggest Battleship.

The battleship *New York*, which will be the biggest vessel in Uncle Sam's fighting fleet, is being rushed to completion so that it will be in readiness for any work that may have to be done in Mexican waters.

The keel of the *New York* was laid October 20, 1912. With her 14-inch guns she has the most powerful armament of any of the war dogs of the United States navy. She has a speed of twenty-one knots. The *New York* will have 65 officers and a crew of 1,000.

Towns to Have Airship Lines.

An air-craft company of St. Louis has just closed a contract with St. Petersburg, Fla., to establish a flying-boat service between that town and Tampa, Fla.

Under the contract the aviators are to carry twelve passengers each way in two flying boats. The trip will take fifteen to twenty minutes. The passage is made in a motor boat in an hour and a half. Tony Jannus is on his way to St. Petersburg in his flying boat to arrange details of the passenger-carrying service.

Hides in Prison for Sixteen Days.

After hiding from guards sixteen days in the Kansas penitentiary, Dan Carney was found. He was dragged from behind a condenser in the engine room and returned to his cell. Confederates had supplied him with food and drink in his vain attempt to find a chance to escape. He is serving six years for burglary.

Sues Son on Broken Pledge.

Suit has been begun in superior court by Charles A. Appledorn, senior, wealthy liquor merchant of Oakland, Cal., against his son, Charles A. Appledorn, junior, for the collection of a forfeit of $100 agreed upon December 18, 1912, whereby the son promised to pay that amount if he broke a pledge not to smoke cigarettes for one year. On his part, Appledorn, senior, bought his son a suit of clothes as an inducement for the pledge.

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